

CHINESE LANTERNS



MINNA McELEN MEYER

Everyland

The Magazine for Boys and Girls

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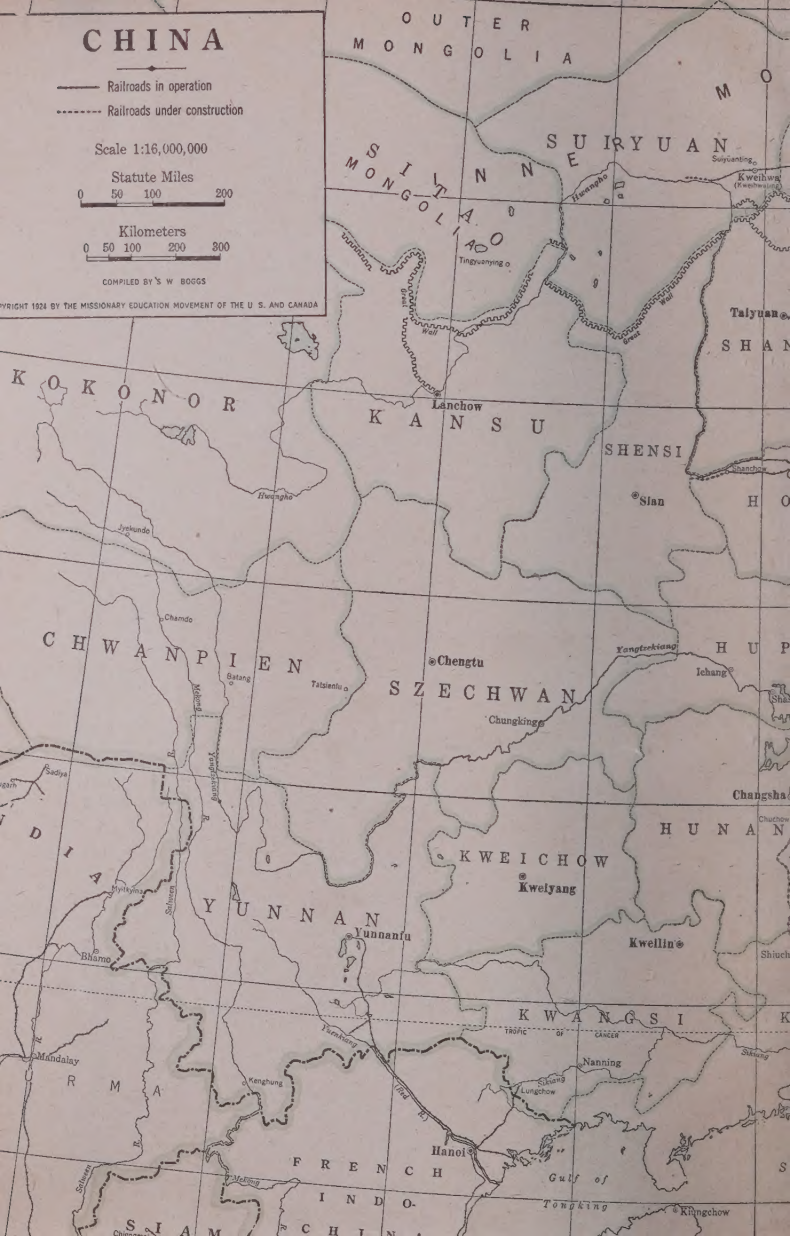
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CHILDREN IN THE COURTYARD

The windows of the house are of thin white paper instead of glass.

Chinese Lanterns

By
MINNA McEUEEN MEYER

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are all kinds of lanterns, in varying colors, shapes, and sizes, but just one clear white light which shines through and makes beautifully lighted places and spaces where darkness has been. Every Chinese boy and girl whose heart Christ, the Light of the World, has lighted, may show forth his light.

Some of the lanterns have not been lighted yet, and are dull and useless, but the boys and girls of America who live in the Light which came to their forefathers and has been passed down to them must, in turn, pass it on until every boy and girl in China becomes a bright light.

Here is the story of some who are bearing the lights. As we study our book this year may it be a means of helping us to light more. The Chinese are a wonderful people, but, like other wonderful people in history, they will fail unless the Light reaches them.

A girls' college in India took this motto, "Lighted to Lighten." Suppose we take it, boys and girls, as ours this year. It will help us to keep our own light bright and shining.

Our missionaries are the great Light Bearers of the World. Jesus said, "I am the

Light of the World," and again, "Ye are the Light of the World," and these others in China shall also be Lights in the world if you and I do not fail.

MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY,
Chairman of Central Committee on the United
Study of Foreign Missions.

A LETTER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

The stories of this book are about Chinese girls and boys, some of whom I learned to know and others about whom I was told, when I spent some wonderful weeks with wonderful missionary friends in China.

When you read the stories I hope you will catch a glimpse of the many helpful things that the missionaries are doing in the Central Mission Stations—how they are opening schools and hospitals and sending out Bible teachers and working together with the Chinese Christians to build Christ's kingdom in China.

The rimes in the first and second chapters were translated into English by Dr. Headland and are used in his book, *Chinese Boy and Girl*.

In pronouncing the Chinese names please remember that *ei* has the sound of *long a*, and *u* frequently has somewhat the sound of *e*. Thus we call Mei Chu "May Che."

I wonder if some curious ones will be asking the question, "Did these things really happen—the story of the Pirates, of the Knight Who Came Riding, of Mei Chu and her Grandfather"—and I'll answer the question right away and tell you that they are "really truly"

stories, and I hope that you will all want to be friends with the boys and girls of China who are very much like boys and girls of America, even though they may dress differently.

Your friend,

MINNA McEUEEN MEYER.

CHAPTER I

MORNING RICE

IT was Sunday morning in the valley of the Yang-tse River. The sun rose over the city walls and over the green tiled roof of the great house in which Ching Fong and Mei Chu lived with their mother and father, their grandfather and uncles and aunts and cousins. It was a square house built around an open court from which a door opened to the street.

A few feet in front of the door there stood, like a wall, a tall, carved wooden screen. Ah Chow, the gatekeeper, who was busy sweeping out the court with his broom of twigs, imagined that such a screen was necessary to keep the evil spirits from darting into the house when the door was opened, but Grandfather Chang, who owned the great house, was a wise and thoughtful man, and he knew that doorways of Chinese houses need protection from the traffic on the narrow city streets.

A slant of sunshine found its way from the courtyard through the thin white paper on the latticed door of the room in which Ching Fong slept between thick, padded quilts spread

over boards, instead of springs, on his high-posted, canopied bed. He rubbed his eyes.

On the street in front of the house farmers were passing on their way to market, each with a long pole slung across his shoulder and a basket of vegetables hanging from either end of the pole. And as they passed they called to people to buy. Across the street some men were building a house and as they lifted the heavy timbers that were to support the tiles for the roof, they sang in high, shrill tones words that meant something like, "Ready, steady, altogether."

The sounds reached the ears of Ching Fong and he rolled back his thick covers and got up to dress. But, though it was Sunday morning, there were no fresh, clean clothes and best suit to be put on, for Sunday in this city of the Yang-tse valley was just like every other day of the week, and Ching Fong had never heard of a Sunday school or a church service.

He quickly dressed himself, fastened his baggy trousers tightly around his ankles, and drew on his long blue coat. Last of all he put on his small, round, black cap that had a button on the top. Then he opened the door and looked out. In the courtyard his mother was going about, balancing herself on her tiny, satin-slippered feet and directing the work of

the household, for she was the eldest daughter-in-law in Grandfather Chang's family.

An amah (nurse) sat on a stool with Baby Sun King in her arms. His little suit was made after the same pattern as Ching Fong's, but his coat was bright red. A silver chain was fastened about his neck with a gold lock and there were many little bangles hanging from it. When he twisted himself to look at the pet linnet hopping about in the cage just out of reach of the baby's hand, the bangles clinked like little bells. The amah never forgot to put on the chain when she dressed Sun King, for she thought the clinking sounds would drive away any evil spirits that might be hovering around to do the baby harm.

"Be careful, Baby; you must not touch the cage," she said, drawing back his hand. Then to take his attention from the linnet, she began counting the tiny fingers to a rime like "This little pig went to market," only she said,

"This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day.
We'll whip her"—

and she patted the "lazy" little finger.

Then taking the other hand, she said, touching the fingers one after the other,

“This one’s old,
This one’s young,
This one has no meat;
This one’s gone
To buy some hay,
And this one’s on the street.”

Across the court Mei Chu, the ten-year-old sister, bent over the chrysanthemums that were just beginning to open into balls of red and purple and yellow and white. She wore a loose jacket buttoned on the left shoulder and silk trousers, but they were not fastened at the ankle as were Ching Fong’s. Her heavy, black hair was braided and hanging down her back. Her stockings were white and her shoes were black cloth with white felt soles.

“Come, Mother, and see how beautiful the chrysanthemums are,” she called. “Look at this pink one. It is just the color of the pretty suit that you gave me last New Year when I went with you to the capital city to visit the Honorable Grandparents.”

The mother came to Mei Chu’s side.

“Yes, it is true. The color is the same,” she said. “It took long to make that suit with all its embroidery. That was only nine moons



A BOY BRINGING HOME THE GRASS HE HAS RAKED FROM THE FIELDS FOR THE
KITCHEN FIRE

ago, and now you have grown so much that it is quite too small. But come, it is time for the morning rice."

Together they started toward the kitchen, the mother placing her hand on her daughter's shoulder, for Mei Chu was growing up with natural feet and could not only walk, but could run and play games almost as well as Ching Fong.

In the corner of the kitchen stood a stove with its great steaming kettles. A cook was busy feeding the fire with straw and grass that had been raked from the fields.

Taking in her hand two bowls, the mother filled them with the large kernels of rice from one of the kettles and placed them in front of the kitchen gods—homely red and green idols made of plaster that stood in a niche behind the stove. Then she and Mei Chu spread out their hands and bowed low before the images.

"Look to-day with favor upon each one of this household," prayed the mother.

Then the serving maid sounded the gong to tell all the members of the Chang family that rice was ready.

The grandfather came from his room across the court. He wore a long silk coat and his crossed hands were hidden in the loose sleeves. Ching Fong hastened to meet him.

"Early morning, Most Honorable One," said the boy, bowing low.

"Early morning, Son of my Son," responded the grandfather, and drawing the boy to his side, they walked together into the dining room. When there were guests the men were served their meals in a separate room, but this morning all the family breakfasted together.

The room in which they dined was a large one with square tables of carved black wood. At the table farthest from the door the grandfather took his place.

"Come and sit with me, Ching Fong," he said.

A moment later the uncles joined them. Mother Chang and Mei Chu and the aunts and cousins took their places at the other tables and the meal was served.

There was fish fried in oil, and rice, served in blue flowered bowls with a border of rice patterns through which the light shone, and tea in dainty cups, without handles, but with covers a little smaller than saucers placed over the tops.

The women chattered as they ate, but at Grandfather Chang's table all was quiet, except for the clicking of the chopsticks.

"You are not troubled, Honorable Grandfather?" timidly asked Ching Fong.

"I was thinking of my eldest son, your father," replied Grandfather Chang. "Official duties keep him long from home."

"It is a time of much confusion in our country," said one of the uncles. "We, who have been called 'changeless,' know not what will take place in the next moon."

"We know not whom we may trust," said the other uncle. "A man comes to my store to buy silk. I must first show him cheap pieces, and only after much asking do I dare bring out the best, for how do I know that he has not come to rob my store?"

"And many of our officials serve not for the welfare of the land," said Grandfather Chang, "but rather to enrich themselves, forgetting the words and example of the great teacher, Confucius, who said: 'With a meal of coarse rice and with water to drink, and my bent arm for my pillow—even thus I can find happiness. Riches and honors without righteousness are to me as fleeting clouds.' While he ruled in the province it was said that dishonesty and dissoluteness were ashamed and hid their heads.

"But China faces many problems," the old man continued. "For many centuries it has been our glory that we have been a peace-loving nation. The scholar and not the soldier has received honor in China. The farmer too

has been honored, for he creates, while soldiers destroy. Yet to-day it is said that China has more armed soldiers than any other nation of the world except France.

"It has been a great mistake to call so many men to arms. They were taken from their work; then there was no money to pay them, and many soldiers were told to return home. But their jobs had already been taken by others; they found it hard to earn a living, so they have taken to the hills and have become bandits."

"Now they rob not only us, their own people," said one of the uncles, "but lately have become so bold as to wreck trains and carry away foreign passengers to the mountains to hold them until money is paid for their release. This makes much trouble for China and costs very much money."

While the men talked the rice bowls were emptied and refilled, as were also the cups of tea. Then the servants brought towels, one end of which had been dipped in hot water, and when each one at the table had wiped his hands and his face with a steaming towel, breakfast was over.

The uncles, ready to leave for their places of business in the city, called to the four coolies waiting at the door of the courtyard, then seated themselves in chairs, to either side of

which were fastened long poles. Two coolies lifted each chair and, placing the ends of the poles on their shoulders, carried their passenger through the door and down the street. The small cousins ran into the courtyard to play, but Ching Fong lingered at the door with his grandfather.

"Tell me more about our country, Honorable Grandfather," he pleaded. "You will remember that I was twelve last New Year. I wish to know the affairs of state."

"They are hard to understand, my boy," replied the old man, "but I am glad you wish to learn. In our country with its four hundred million people there are too few who try to understand."

"I, too, would hear your stories, Grandfather," said Mei Chu, coming to his side.

A smile crept over the face of the old man.

"My Beautiful Pearl," he said—for that is the meaning of the name Mei Chu—"is it not enough that your mother teaches you the Four Virtues, which are correct manners, careful speech, submissive behavior, and proper employment for the hands; and also the Three Obediences, the obedience of a daughter to her father, of a wife to her husband and of a mother to her son; or will you be like that most celebrated lady, Pan Chao, and like the Empress Tai-Tsung who knew the classic

literatures and who taught that all girls should be educated?"

"Here is my Honorable Teacher," said Ching Fong. "I must go to the schoolroom."

"Mother is also teaching me to read and to make the characters from the copies the Honorable Teacher gives to Ching Fong," said Mei Chu.

"Is it so?" asked Grandfather Chang. "That is well. Long ago there was an educated Chinese woman who not only trained her sons most carefully, but read to them stories of our patriots and statesmen. In their later life these sons became wise, clean-handed officials, giving righteous judgments and daring to refuse bribes. This was certainly the result of their mother's teaching. But see, the sun is already high. Go to your lessons."

CHAPTER II

WORK AND PLAY

CHING FONG had started to school when he was six years old. His mother had asked a fortune-teller to name a lucky day for him to begin, and a teacher had been asked to come to Grandfather Chang's home and have a school. Some other boys who lived on the same street came also.

Ching Fong had already learned the rimes and stories that the amah was now teaching Sun King, his baby brother. He knew how to count, only instead of saying "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," Ching Fong counted "Ee, erh, san, ssu, wu, liu, ch'i, pa, chiu, shih." He knew too, before he began to go to school, that in order to become a great and highly respected man, he would have to study long hours, for had not his mother told him stories of ambitious boys who became famous until he could repeat alone:

"Sun K'an was a diligent boy

As almost all of you know,

For he studied at night by the pale moonlight

Reflected from the snow.

"Little Ch'e Wu
Was delighted too,
For he studied at night
By a firefly's light,
As diligent boys should do.

"K'an Hung's house was a house of clay.
He studied hard throughout the day,
And made a hole through his wall at night
To study by his neighbor's light."

The school was held in the room in which stood the ancestral tablets. These were pieces of wood carved at the top and about four times higher than wide. On them were written the names of Grandfather Chang's father and mother and other ancestors. Very many people in China imagine that the spirits of these great-grandparents make their homes in the tablets. On a table before them stood lighted candles, and always on birthday and deathday anniversaries food was placed there.

The teacher was a dignified, serious-faced man. When the boys entered the room and bowed low before him, the light in his eyes showed that he liked his pupils. But he was always stern. He was proud of the books and the language that he taught, for is not the Chinese the oldest language now spoken in any part of the world? It is very different from English, for it has no alphabet. Chinese writing, like the ancient Egyptian, began with

pictures, but through the centuries that have passed since the first writing was done, the characters have changed a good deal. Here are some words as they were first made, and underneath are the characters as they are made to-day:



As the language grew, and more and more words were used, the characters were combined to form new meanings. Thus the character for "sun" placed just above that for "horizon" means "morning."



To make the word "brightness," "sun" and "moon" are put together as in this character.



This is the character for "tree."



Two trees indicate "forest."



The word for "burning" is made by putting the character for "fire" underneath that for "forest."

This character shows "man" standing beside "word." It is the way the Chinese people write "faith" or "confidence." You see it means that we can have faith in a man who stands by his word.

Most of the stories about Chinese school-boys tell us how they began to study the Chinese classics from a Chinese primer called the *Trimetrical Classic*, or *Learning by Three Sounds*, because each line of the book has three characters. The sentences were hard for six-year-old boys, for the first one reads:

"Men, one and all, in infancy are virtuous at heart,
Their moral tendencies the same, their practice wide
apart."

The trimetrical primer says that there are three great powers: heaven, earth, and man; and three great lights: the sun, moon, and stars; and six kinds of grain used for food: rice, millet, pulse, wheat, rye, and barley; and for each word a new character had to be learned. There were also two other primers called, *The Thousand Word Classic* and *An Incentive to Study*.

Boys learned by just repeating the sounds over and over and over and by writing characters of which they frequently did not know the meaning. For centuries their lessons were learned in that way.

But a few years ago some new Chinese readers were published. So Ching Fong had a first reader with pictures somewhat like the books American boys use, though he found it very hard to learn so many different characters. Chinese words are printed in rows from the top to the bottom of the page instead of from left to right as in American books, and when Ching Fong learned to read he began with the character in the upper right hand corner of what would seem to us the last page of the book and read downward. In the small school that he attended he studied aloud, and when he recited, instead of facing his teacher, he turned his back toward him.

Since each Chinese word is represented by a character, of course Ching Fong did not have to learn spelling, nor did he learn much of grammar or geography. He studied arithmetic from an abacus, which is a wooden frame with wires across it. On each wire are strung five wooden beads. Then there is a dividing slat and two more beads.

Like all Chinese boys, Ching Fong was taught to have great respect for his father and

mother. He learned many stories of boys who were very good to their parents. One story was about a poor boy who worked very hard every day, but he always cheerfully walked a long distance to get rice for his father and mother to eat, while he himself lived on a kind of weed.

Boys were encouraged to study through stories of men who had determined to gain wisdom and knowledge no matter what the cost. There was one man who always used a wooden pillow so that he would not sleep too long; another was afraid that he would fall asleep over his books, so he tied his long hair to a beam of the roof; and of Confucius, the great Chinese teacher who lived five hundred years before Christ, it was said that when he awoke before daylight he meditated until it was light, and then wrote down his thoughts on paper. Schoolboys also learned proverbs, such as, "No pleasure equals the pleasure of study."

Grandfather Chang had often told of his own school days when he studied not only the primers and a book called *Great Learning* but also the *Life and Sayings of Confucius*, the *Life and Sayings of Mencius*, who was another great teacher, and later the books called the *Five Kings*, or sometimes the *Five Classics*. He had then gone to the city to the great ex-



A SAIL BOAT ON THE YANG-TSE RIVER

amination halls, where thousands of young men gathered. Each one had been sent to a little cell, into which he carried his ink, his brush, his candles and enough food for several days, and there he had written his examinations. His grades had been so high that he had been asked to go to Peking, the capital, for another examination. He had then been made a government official.

Ching Fong was thinking of these things as he turned the leaves of his book on that October day. He felt a thrill of pride as he remembered all the years of hard work that his grandfather and his father had given to learning the wisdom of China's greatest men. Then he raised his eyes to the ancestral tablets on the wall and felt that he must be worthy of the dignity of the family. And then he seemed to awake. The teacher was speaking and Ching Fong was ready to shout when he heard the words:

"To-morrow you will have a holiday. It is the ninth day of the ninth moon."

Of course everybody had known that Kites' Day was coming. For more than a week the boys had been getting ready for it, tying extra long strings to their kites. On some of the strings they wrapped the sharp blades of a kind of grass which they had gathered from the fields. They thought it fun when the

strings of the flying kites became tangled, to cut the cord with this sharp grass and bring one of the kites to earth.

The kites were of many different shapes—boxes and dragons and serpents—but the boys liked best the fish and the birds and the butterflies. All the kites were of the brightest colors, and sometimes when many rose together high into the air, they looked like flocks of birds.

All the family went to the picnic but Mother Chang and the aunts had to be taken in their sedan chairs, for it was too far for bound-footed women to walk.

On this trip to the hills nobody thought of taking lunch, for the food peddlers with poles on their shoulders and baskets hanging from the ends would be sure to find the merry-makers and would have steamed biscuits and fried chicken or ducks and other good things to sell, so it would not be worth the trouble to take lunch along.

Nobody knows when the people of China began to have Kites' Day, but there is a story that tells us that it was very long ago when the world was so young that old Father Time was yet a boy. At that time a farmer was one day working in the field and a dignified stranger passed by. He stopped and told the farmer that a terrible plague was about to visit his

house, and that the only way for him to escape was to hie to the hills near by. The farmer was greatly distressed and, leaving his work, he hurried back to his home. Then he took his family and set out for the hills where they remained all day.

Although they had had to leave quickly that morning, the children had taken their kites along, and the breeze was so good on the hills that they spent the whole day flying kites. When the sun had set the family returned home. Alas! They found that all their cattle and pigs and chickens were dead. But the lives of the family had been spared because they had gone away to the hills. The stranger who had warned them must surely be one of the gods, they decided, and as it happened on the "ninth day of the ninth moon," that day has ever since been observed as a national holiday.

As the sun began to descend toward the western horizon and to paint the clouds with red and gold, Grandfather Chang called the family together, and they journey homeward on the winding roads across the rice fields. Above the walls of the city rose the tall pagoda, and they knew that the breeze that had lifted the kites high into the air was also swaying the tiny pagoda bells.

It had been a glorious day, and when the

children reached home they felt tired enough to go straight to bed. But as Ching Fong entered the doorway to the court, he gave a shout of surprise and joy. A stately gentleman in a long gray silk coat, over which was a short black coat, stood there with folded hands and smiling face.

"Father has come!" called Mei Chu, and together the children ran to greet him. Everyone joined in the welcome and there was much talking.

"Father, what did you bring me?" whispered Mei Chu.

"How do you know that I have brought anything?" the father replied, teasingly.

"Oh, Father, you know that you always bring us gifts when you come home," replied Mei Chu.

They all sat down together, and then the servants opened the large baskets such as many Chinese people carry when they travel. There were tangerines and red bananas and large, luscious persimmons for everybody. Besides these there were beautiful silks brought from the capital city, and ornaments of jade for the mother; for Mei Chu, a carved fan of sandalwood and a vase of beautiful *cloisonné*; and for Ching Fong—wonder of wonders—there was an American watch!

The servants made ready the evening rice,

and after that was eaten the father and grandfather and uncles lingered together to discuss matters of business and affairs of state. Ching Fong wanted to slip away and examine his new watch, but his mother spoke to him at the door.

"Return, my son, and hear what your father has to say. You must some day be a great and a wise man, so listen carefully that you may learn."

In the court the children had gathered about the amah. The evening had come on and the stars were appearing.

"See the path of light across the sky," said Mei Chu.

"That is the Heavenly River," said the amah. "It separates two bright stars that you see high above your heads. My mother told me a story about them when I was a little girl."

"Tell us," pleaded Mei Chu; "we all want to hear it."

And the amah told them this story:

THE HEAVENLY RIVER

Once upon a time there was a beautiful maiden who lived in a little village in the bright blue heavens. We have always called her "The Spinning Maiden." Through days and months and years she worked diligently

at her wheel, never stopping even for a holiday. Her grandfather, the King of Heaven, noticed how industrious she was, and he was so pleased that he told her she might leave her work for a while and take a vacation. The Spinning Maiden was very happy and decided to pay a visit to the earth.

In a village not far distant from the home of the Spinning Maiden lived a young man whose duty it was to take care of the cattle that grazed in the heavenly meadows. The Herdsman loved the Spinning Maiden, but she was always so busy with her work that she never gave him a chance to tell her of his love. When he learned that she was going down to the earth, he at once determined to go also and see if he could not win her for his bride. So when she reached the earth he was not far behind her. He followed her through the green fields and shady groves, but each time when he might have spoken to her, he grew faint-hearted. One day, however, he found her beside a limpid stream whose banks were carpeted with flowers, and all around were blossoming peach and cherry trees. Then he quietly approached and asked her to become his bride. She consented, and they were married and returned to their home in the blue sky.

But the Spinning Maiden no longer worked

so diligently at her wheel, and her husband neglected his cattle. The King of Heaven was very much annoyed and called upon the Western Royal Mother for advice. She said that the Herdsman would have to take his herds far away. Then she took her silver hair-pin and, with a single stroke, drew a line across the heavens, and from that time there has flowed between them the Heavenly River.

Then was the grief of the husband and wife so great that the King of Heaven felt sorry for them.

"You may visit each other once a year," he said, "on the seventh day of the seventh moon." But the River of Heaven was so wide and turbulent that no one could cross it. However, the great love of the husband and wife for each other had won for them the sympathy not of the King of Heaven only, but of some of his creatures. The magpies that had been accustomed to gather in great flocks around the home of the Maiden came to help her, and hovering wing to wing above the river, they made a bridge across which her dainty feet might carry her in safety. But when the time for separation came, the Herdsman and the Spinning Maiden wept so bitterly that their tears fell in copious showers, and that is the cause of the heavy rainfall that comes about the seventh day of the seventh moon.

CHAPTER III

IN QUEST OF LEARNING

“**I** WISH I could find out what makes it go,” said Ching Fong to himself as he held his beloved American watch to his ear.

He was sitting in a stiff-backed chair a little apart from the group of men who were talking together. Yet he was also listening to his father's words, as his mother had asked him to do, for a Chinese boy can hardly imagine a child's being disobedient to his parents.

“China's great need is education,” the father was saying, “not alone in the wisdom of her own great teachers of long ago, but in the knowledge of other countries and of their teachings. When Ching Fong is older I want to send him to America to study; and if he goes there, he should begin now to learn the language of that country, which among all the nations has been China's best friend.”

While he was speaking Mei Chu and her mother approached the open doorway.

“Ching Fong go to America!” repeated Mei Chu, and the mother caught her breath and stopped to listen.

“I have visited the schools of the Americans in our neighboring city by the Yang-tse.

There are many boys there studying the Western learning and also the language of America and of England. They begin the learning that leads to the study of the sciences, of medicine, and of engineering. There are instruments with which the boys make experiments. There are large playgrounds where they play the games that teach them to be quick and strong. Across from the playground is also a school for girls. I saw some of the girls at work in their classrooms and later a group of them playing at tennis. They were bright and eager and strong."

"Oh, Father," exclaimed Mei Chu. "May I not go to that school? Mother has already taught me from our own books, and I have learned to make characters from the copies Ching Fong's teacher made for him, but I would also know the greater learning."

"My daughter, you know not what you are asking," exclaimed the mother.

Mei Chu dared not reply, but she looked appealingly at her grandfather, and his face, usually so stern, relaxed a little as his eyes met hers and she knew that he would speak for her. As she waited to hear his words there flashed through the little girl's mind the memory of an experience which she could never forget, even though she should live to be a hundred years old.

It happened on a day when she was only six years old. Her mother had called her into her room, and there on the bed lay long strips of cloth. She knew what they were for, for she had often seen her mother's foot bandages.

"Take off your shoes and stockings," the mother had said, gently, and, it seemed, a little sadly. "The time has come when we must bind these feet that are growing so fast, otherwise you cannot have 'Golden Lilies,' as my feet have always been called. See this beautiful pair of embroidered shoes that your grandmother has sent for you. They are only three inches long and we must bind these toes back strongly or you will never be able to wear them."

Then she had placed Mei Chu on the bed and taken in her hands one of the little feet that had so often raced through the court. The end of one of the long strips was placed on the instep and extended over four small toes which were then drawn back on to the sole of the foot. The strip went over the instep and around the heel and the toes were drawn tighter and tighter until they almost touched the heel.

"Oh, Mother, it hurts," Mei Chu had cried.

And the mother had replied, sadly, "I know it hurts, dear. Did not I, myself, weep for many days and nights when my mother bound

my feet? But after some moons the pain will cease and then everyone will admire your tiny feet and your beautiful shoes. So be patient and do not cry."

But Mei Chu *had* cried. As she lay on the bed with her feet dangling over the edge so that the pressure might deaden the nerves, her father had come to the door.

"What does this mean?" he had asked, and when the mother had explained to him the cause of Mei Chu's moaning, he had said, "Very many women in China are not now binding their daughters' feet. In the cities by the sea where they see foreign women going about freely with unbound feet, they are allowing the girls to grow up without such pain and suffering. I have even heard of a society among educated Chinese women called the 'Do Not Bind the Feet Society.'"

"But it is not the custom of the women of our class to have large feet," the mother had replied. "We shall lose face among our friends."

And then the grandfather had come in.

"Shall it come about that Mei Chu will no longer run to meet me when she sees me coming?" the grandfather had asked. "Shall the sunshine of her heart be turned to darkness? I, myself, have seen on my trips to other cities that women of our land are more and more

allowing their daughters to grow up with natural feet. It would be wise to permit Mei Chu to do so."

Although the mother's heart was aching for the little girl, it had not been easy to persuade her. She knew well that her friends would shake their heads and say of her that she was not a good mother if she yielded because of her child's tears. But in the end the grandfather's wishes had been respected and the bandages were taken off.

That was five years ago, but he still possessed the deep gratitude of Mei Chu's heart, and there was a sympathetic understanding between the old man and the little girl who was now growing up with natural feet. She waited for him to speak.

"Through all the past ages China has had great women," the old man began, "and in our own family there have been such. You know the carved archway near the city gate which was erected in honor of my own mother, because of her faithfulness to the memory of my father during the long years of her widowhood. She looked well to her household and to the welfare of her sons. While she herself did not read, she made great sacrifices that her sons might become educated, and even in her old age sought to learn from them. It seems that Mei Chu is a worthy great-grand-

daughter. If she has the wish to study, we should not refuse to her the opportunity."

"Your words are wise," said the father, and the mother added:

"You know well that I, too, desire education for women. Did not I, myself, in my childhood gather up the crumbs of learning that my brothers let fall? And you, my husband, have praised the poems that I have composed. But what shall I do with my eldest son and my daughter away from home? The days will be long indeed with only myself and Baby Sun King here."

"Mother," said Mei Chu, and she laid her cheek on her mother's arm, "I will be lonesome without you. You know that I do not wish to leave you, but I will work hard till I learn to write well, and then I will send you letters, and when I come home I will have much to tell you!"

"Little daughter, you are indeed my Beautiful Pearl," said the mother, "and though I desire greatly to keep you with me, I will not hold you back if it is best that you go."

"Ching Fong, you have heard that I wish you to go to the school kept by the Americans. Have you anything to say?"

"When do I go, Father?" inquired Ching Fong.

"It will be next week. I have talked with

the principal of the school and he has made a place for you. Now I think it is time for you to retire, and you may leave us."

Thus it came about that rice was served very early one morning in the home of Grandfather Chang, for his oldest son was starting back to his official duties at the capital and was taking Ching Fong and Mei Chu to the city on the Yang-tse where the Americans had schools and where boys and girls were taught not only the learning of China, but the Western learning and the language Ching Fong would need to understand when he went to America to study.

When all were ready, the chair-bearers lifted the poles to their shoulders and started slowly down the street. Mei Chu pushed aside the curtains of her chair and looked back to see her mother with Baby Sun King standing alone, and as she thought of them and of the cousins with whom she had played and the chrysanthemums that she had tended, and all the things of the dear home, she almost regretted having asked to go away.

But with a turn in the street they were out of sight. Then she remembered how she had longed and longed to know more of the great outside world and now she was going to see and to learn! So the tears stopped falling and Mei Chu began to wonder who the girls

were that she would meet at the school and what they would say to her and where she would sleep that night. But Ching Fong sat erect in his chair, and as it swayed to the gait of the bearers he imagined that he was already on the ship that was taking him to America.

They went through the winding alleys, passing shops of which the entire fronts were open and women stood on the street to make their purchases. Work of every kind was going on. Men were hammering metal, sawing wood, and some were sitting at embroidery frames. There were food vendors with their carrying-poles and their baskets, barbers carrying their stools and all their instruments, ready to stop right on the street to serve customers, and everywhere there were beggars. Finally, they came to the banks of the river where they left their sedan chairs and took a boat which was to carry them down the great Yang-tse, the river whose name means "Son of the Ocean."

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at the gate of the mission compound.

"This is your school, Ching Fong," said Mr. Chang, indicating a tall building not far from the gate. "And there is the athletic field and beyond is the school for girls. These houses facing the field are the homes of the foreign

teachers. We will go now to see Mr. Brown, the principal of the boys' school."

They entered the office and greetings were exchanged.

"Mr. Brown," said Mr. Chang, "I have brought not only my son, but my daughter, whom I would like to place in the girls' school that you showed me when I was here. It seems that girls in China are becoming as ambitious as their brothers."

"It is well that it is so, is it not?" remarked Mr. Brown. "I will go with you to see the principal of the girls' school and later we will take care of your son."

As they crossed the athletic field Mr. Chang spoke of his wish to have Ching Fong learn English well and of his plan to send him to America to study.

But Ching Fong heard little of what his father said, for there before him stood a fair-haired boy dressed in a khaki blouse, knickerbockers, laced shoes and stockings rolled below bare knees. He had what seemed to Ching Fong a small pillow on one hand and he was throwing a ball into the air and catching it on that pillow. Ching Fong became so much interested that he stopped still in his tracks.

"Come here, Robert," called Mr. Brown. "Let this boy examine your baseball glove.



A MISSION SCHOOL



A GAME OF FOOTBALL ON THE ATHLETIC FIELD

Then he said to Ching Fong in Chinese, "Here is an American boy. Suppose you two fellows play together till we come back."

Of course the boys could not talk to each other, for neither understood the language the other spoke, but Robert handed his glove to Ching Fong, who examined it with a curiosity that seemed funny to Robert. Then Ching Fong put his hand in his sleeve and took out a shuttle-cock such as Chinese boys play with.

It was made of a bunch of feathers stuck into small round pieces of leather weighted with a "cash" (copper coin) and tied together by a string. Ching Fong showed Robert how he could kick it and explained by signs that when boys played the game together each tried to kick the shuttle-cock back before it touched the ground.

The boys were getting on pretty well with their sign language when Ching Fong's father and Mr. Brown returned.

"This American boy might be a good English teacher for Ching Fong. He and his mother will remain here while his father makes a trip into the interior," said Mr. Brown. "I am sure Robert would like to know some of the boys and play with them and a language is easily learned when it is taught through play. Come with us, Robert."

As they were walking along together, Ching Fong suddenly turned aside to avoid stepping on a piece of newspaper. Then he stopped and carefully picked up the paper and placed it in a crevice of the wall.

“Note the respect of the Chinese people for learning,” said Mr. Brown to Robert. “It is almost reverence. Ching Fong would not step on a printed paper, for that would indicate disrespect. Some time you may see on the street a man with his carrying-pole and his baskets and a little flag on which are characters that read: ‘Respect Printed Paper.’ As he passes along servants come out of the houses to empty their waste baskets into his great baskets.”

“What does he do with the paper?” asked Robert.

“It is burned in a temple furnace,” said Mr. Brown. “Some Chinese, when they see how careless we Americans are with written or printed paper, gain the impression that we have no good writers.”

CHAPTER IV

WILL THERE BE ROOM?

“**A**NOTHER girl! Our school is already crowded!” Miss Mason had exclaimed when at the girls’ school Mr. Brown introduced Mei Chu and her father.

And Mei Chu had caught her breath. “After coming here and seeing the school and thinking of all the things I’d learn, I’d just die if I had to go back,” she thought. Miss Mason was thinking too, thinking of the many girls in China who would like to go to school but cannot—that even in the city of Peking, which is the capital of China, only one girl out of every fourteen is in school.

“Her brother has just come to enter the boys’ school,” said Mr. Brown, “and the Honorable Father of the children says that his daughter is as ambitious as her brother.”

Then Mr. Chang explained that Mei Chu was already able to read many words, and told how she had borrowed the copies that Ching Fong’s teacher made for him so that she could learn to write.

“We certainly like to have such girls,” said Miss Mason, and her smile was so kind and

friendly that Mei Chu began to hope. "Would you like to leave her with us and let her be our guest to-night, Mr. Chang? I will see what adjustments I can make if you will return to-morrow morning."

Mr. Chang thanked her and very politely took his leave.

"You may sit here by the window, Mei Chu," said Miss Mason. "I will come back in a few minutes," and she left the room.

The school building was different from any that Mei Chu had seen before. It was much taller than Chinese houses, and there were steps leading from one floor to another, while the Chinese houses she knew had but one floor, and were spread over more ground. From the window she looked out on the playground. There were many girls—more than Mei Chu had ever seen together before. Some were walking and talking as girls all over the world like to do, some were playing a circle game, and farther away another group was playing the game which she supposed, from what her father had said, was tennis, though she had never seen it played before.

"I can never learn to know so many girls and to play as they do," said Mei Chu to herself.

"May I come and stay with you?" asked a voice.



CHILDREN GRINDING FLOUR

This mill is similar to those mentioned in the Bible.

Mei Chu looked up, and there in the doorway stood a girl who seemed to be about her own age.

"Miss Mason asked me to come in. I am glad you are coming to our school. I hope you will like it. My name is Pao Chu [Precious Pearl]."

"My name is Mei Chu [Beautiful Pearl], and I know I shall like the school, if only there is room for me so that I can stay." She stopped suddenly as she remembered that she might have to go back home.

Mei Chu's jacket and trousers were of soft silk. The girl who stood before her was dressed in blue cotton, but she had a pleasant face and kindly eyes and she was gentle, but strong and unafraid. The new girl liked her, and began to feel that she had already found a friend.

"Is your home far away?" asked Pao Chu.

"Yes, we had to start very early, but all along the way there was so much to see that I liked the trip," replied Mei Chu.

"Tell me what you saw," pleaded Pao Chu. "I have never traveled except from my home to school."

"Where is your home?" asked Mei Chu.

"It is in a village not far from here. My father is the pastor of the church there."

"I know I am very ignorant," said Mei Chu, "but I don't know what that means."

"I will tell you later, but first you tell me what you saw on the way."

"Oh, there were people raking up the dry grass from the fields and boys bringing in big bundles of it on their carrying poles. We saw water buffaloes with long horns. Father said they had been turned out to graze. Each one had a small boy on his back."

"The boy must get tired sitting so all day," said Pao Chu.

"Yes, but most of the other children we passed were either working or begging. I guess sitting on a buffalo's back isn't so bad as having to work or to beg. I felt most sorry for the beggar children. When we were on the boat we saw some of them with their mother in the funniest little round boat. The mother paddled out close to the big steamer. A beggar boy lifted up a long bamboo pole which had a little basket on the end and passed it along to the people who were leaning over the railing so they could drop cash into it. His little sister clasped her hands and rocked forward and backward, all the time whining as beggar children do."

"I love to watch the boats on the river," said Pao Chu. "Did you see many?"

"Oh, yes, there was one foreign 'gunboat'

my father called it, and the big river steamers that go to Shanghai, and the Chinese junks with great patched sails, and the sampans with their little houses roofed with matting, and the fishing boats with great frames to hold the nets."

"How wonderful to see it all and to travel on our noble river!" exclaimed Pao Chu.

"But I wanted to come to school more than I wanted to travel on the boat," continued Mei Chu. "And when we reached this city we came over here in rickshas. We haven't any rickshas in our city. We always travel in chairs."

"I like the rickshas better," remarked Pao Chu, "but my father has told me they are newer in China. In the old days people did not have wheeled carriages at all and many cities still have such narrow streets and sometimes steps to take you up or down a hill so that wheels cannot be used. My father said it was an American who had gone to live in Japan who made the first ricksha. Then, after the Japanese people began to use them, some were brought over to China."

"Once as we were coming along the street our rickshas were crowded up close to the walls to let a procession pass," Mei Chu said. "There were priests, and some boys in bright red gowns. The boys carried sedan chairs and

in the chairs were gods from a temple. Many people followed along shooting firecrackers and making a great noise. We saw a woman come to a door and ask the priests to bring in the gods to drive the evil spirits out of her house. So the procession halted and the gods were carried in. When the priests came out they went on down the street to another house. Then we went on and did not see them again."

"Weren't the idols frightfully ugly?" asked Pao Chu. "I don't like to see them."

"These had just been painted and their colors were very bright, but I didn't like their faces."

"I am glad you are getting acquainted." The girls looked up and saw that Miss Mason had come in. "I think we have found room for Mei Chu, and since it is almost time for supper now, Pao Chu, you may take Mei Chu to the dormitory so you will both be ready when the gong sounds."

Ten minutes later the two girls entered the dining room where many other girls were gathering about the tables. When each one had found her place they all bowed their heads and offered a little prayer asking the Heavenly Father's blessing. The new girl was introduced to the Chinese teacher who sat at the table with them, and to the girls near by. In another minute they were all busy with their

chopsticks and the rice bowls were being emptied and refilled.

"We have a service in the chapel after supper to-night," said Pao Chu. "Would you like to come in with us? It will not last long, and then you can go to sleep early since you haven't any lessons to-night."

"Do you have to study all the time, just as boys do at school?" asked Mei Chu.

"Oh, we study as much as the boys do, but that is not quite all the time. Don't you remember the girls you watched from the window? Miss Mason says that play is as necessary as work and that if we do it heartily, and together, it teaches as good lessons."

"It seems strange to have a teacher say that. I thought teachers wanted us to study all the time."

"Oh, I s'pose some do, but just wait till you know Miss Mason. Maybe teachers are not all alike."

In the chapel one of the older girls of the school whose name, Pao Chu whispered, was Mei Ling, sat at the piano and the Chinese teacher who was standing beside her was saying something about singing. Mei Chu had heard workmen singing as they lifted their loads, and boatmen as they pulled together against the current of the river. She had also heard singing to the accompaniment of a

Chinese musical instrument somewhat like a banjo, but she had never in her life heard the tones of a piano, and she was even more surprised when the large group of girls stood together and their voices rang out sweet and clear in a great chorus.

Then the Chinese teacher opened a large book and read from it.

“The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men’s hands.

“They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not,

“They have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

“They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them.”

—Psalm 135. 15-18.

“The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

“The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

“All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord. . . .

“Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. . . .

“The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.



A BEGGAR CHILD IN A TEMPLE COURT

"Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

"The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his work.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

"He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them."

—Psalm 145. 8-10, 13-19.

The teacher closed the book.

"Some of us were in the streets to-day and saw the idol procession," she said, "and our hearts were made sad. We saw poor women who did not have enough money to buy good food for their children's supper give their little savings to pay for having the idols carried into their poor little homes to drive the evil spirits away, as if those pieces of wood, with their homely faces, could keep away trouble and sickness! We wished so much that those mothers might know the Great Spirit of Spirits, the Lord, about whom we have just been reading, the God who lives and who gives life; who does good and who helps us to do good, who loves us as a good father loves his children. We cannot see him, but we know he is near us, and so we need never have any fear in our hearts of evil spirits or of anything else, except the fear of doing wrong."

There was a short prayer that the Lord would keep watch over all the girls through the day and through the night, and that they might learn to use the lives he had given them in the best and the richest way. The tones of the piano were heard again; the girls sang,

“The King of Love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,”

and the service was over.

“This is your bed,” said Pao Chu as the girls entered a large room of the dormitory where there were many beds.

“And whose is that one?” asked Mei Chu.

“That is mine. Miss Mason thought we might like to be together.”

“Oh, we shall. I feel as if we’d been acquainted a long time. But you have not told me about your home and your father, as you promised.”

“There is not much to tell. My father is the Christian pastor in the village where we live. We have a little home and my mother teaches the women who come to the church and sometimes she goes to their homes.”

“But I don’t know what you mean by a church. I know I am very ignorant,” said Mei Chu, apologetically.

“A church is a company of people who do not worship idols or fear evil spirits or ask

fortune-tellers to tell which are the lucky days. We worship the Great Spirit of Spirits about whom our teacher spoke in chapel. People call us Christians."

"Don't you ever offer rice to the kitchen gods?"

"No, we have no kitchen gods. They are like the gods which you saw in the procession. They cannot hear or see or feel."

"I know," said Mei Chu, "but did not something terrible happen to your family when you stopped paying attention to the gods?"

"No, nothing has happened and we have been very happy. My father became a Christian and went for a few years to a Christian school. He might have had a position from the government, but he thought that the best way to help China was to help the people forget their fear of the many gods and of evil spirits and teach them to know the heavenly Father. A world of love is a great deal nicer to live in than a world in which everybody is afraid."

"Yes, it must be." And Mei Chu went to sleep thinking of the world of love.

CHAPTER V

SCHOOL DAYS

THE school bell was ringing. Groups of girls were hurrying across the campus. The new girl stood beside a clump of feathery bamboo trees. She wondered if she were really awake or if she were in a dream.

"Come, Mei Chu, come quickly, or we will be late," called Pao Chu, and running back, she caught the shy little girl by the hand.

"I hope I can sit by you," said Mei Chu. "Then you can tell me what to do when I don't understand. I have never been to school before, and have never had any teacher but mother."

"Oh, you won't be afraid of Miss Mason. She is a lovely teacher and she tells us such interesting things. This is a class in geography."

Miss Mason was standing beside her desk as the girls entered. On the wall back of the desk hung a great map of China. In the corner stood the flag of the Chinese Republic with its five stripes of red, yellow, blue, white and black—red for China, yellow for Manchuria, blue for Mongolia, white for Eastern Turkestan, and black for Tibet.



GIRLS ON THE CAMPUS

"We will have a review to-day," announced Miss Mason. "Suppose you each tell me some important fact that you have learned about China."

All the girls except Mei Chu raised their hands and Miss Mason called on one after another.

"China and its four outlying territories extend over one fourth of Asia," said the first girl.

"Four hundred million people, nearly a fifth of the people of all the world, live in China," said another, and others continued.

"The highest mountains are in the west and southwest. Far to the west in the mountains of Tibet rise the two great rivers of China, the Yang-tse and the Hwang Ho."

"The Hwang Ho [Yellow River] takes its name from the color of its waters. It flows through land that has much yellow clay, and that makes the water yellow. The soil it carries from the hill country settles to the bottom when the river reaches the plain. This raises the river bed so much that in the rainy season the water often overflows its banks and destroys the fields and washes away the homes of the people. The Hwang Ho is called 'China's Sorrow.'"

"The Yang-tse River is called 'China's Joy.' It is three thousand five hundred miles

long. In the far west where it rises its current is swift and there are many rocks and whirlpools. But here it is like the waters of a lake. Great ocean steamers travel up as far as Hankow, which is six hundred and eighty miles from the ocean."

"The upper Yang-tse flows through great gorges. When a traveler goes up the river in a small boat, he can see square holes that have been cut into the rock. They were made two thousand years ago by General Ming Liang, who used them for a ladder and with his army climbed to the top of the cliff one night and conquered the country, which was called the kingdom of Shu."

"There are also iron poles in the cliffs where the people of the plains used to fasten heavy chains which they stretched across the river to stop the boats of their enemies who lived farther west."

"You are taking us far into history," remarked Miss Mason. "Tell me about the cities."

One after another several girls responded.

"Canton is the largest city in China, and also the largest in Asia."

"Shanghai is the chief seaport. It is fourteen miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse, and all the ships that sail along the coast of China stop there."

"Peking is the capital. It is almost a hundred miles from the sea, but it has railroads, and there are caravans of camels that bring in coal and salt and other products from the northern countries. The Temple of Heaven and the great palaces, built when China was an empire, are at Peking."

"Hankow has large factories and brass furnaces. Not far away are coal and iron mines. It is on a railroad that runs from Peking and it is also on the Yang-tse."

"So is Nanking," put in Pao Chu, "and it has factories too, where it makes satins and silks and nankeen. Nanking was once the capital of China."

"I know some things that happened long ago," volunteered one girl. "China was the first country that learned to print on paper, and also the first to make gunpowder."

"I know something else that the Chinese did first," called out one of the girls, excitedly. "They made the first porcelain. The fine dishes were called by other nations *china-ware*."

"The people of Europe got their first silk from China," said another. "They learned from the Chinese how to make it, and finally two travelers carried some eggs of the silk moth to Constantinople, hiding them in hollow bamboo sticks."

"China raises many kinds of grain. In the north there are fields of wheat and rye. In the south the people raise rice, and some cotton and sugar cane."

"The two products for which China is most noted are silk and tea," recited a girl in words she had learned from a textbook.

Several hands shot up and some were waving wildly.

"What is it?" asked Miss Mason.

"She made a mistake," replied several girls together, and one continued,

"We used to sell more tea than anything else, but now we sell more silk and also more soya beans. Tea comes third."

"Who has seen the tea plant growing?" asked Miss Mason. "Some of us have never been to that part of China where tea is raised and we would like to know all about it."

"I can tell about it," volunteered the girl at Mei Chu's right. Pao Chu whispered that her name was Kwei Chen. "My mother lived on a tea farm when she was a little girl," she continued, "and I have gone there with her to visit my grandmother."

Then Kwei Chen told what she had learned on the farm—how the seeds of the tea plant are gathered in October, buried in sand until spring and then sown in a corner of the farm. The seeds come up and grow until the next

spring, when the plants are about ten inches high. Then they are taken up and set into holes made in rows across the field about four feet apart. Several plants are set into one hole. Later the farmer plants vegetables between the rows. When the tea plants have grown to be large shrubs, the top buds are broken off so that the branches will grow long and bear many leaves. After three years the farmer begins to pick the leaves, and all through the summer from the third moon (April) to the ninth moon (October) the tender leaves are carefully gathered.

The leaves are first placed on bamboo trays and set in the sunshine to dry, then put into roasting pans and dried in a furnace, and afterward taken out on tables and made into balls which are rolled and pressed tightly. Then they are again put into the roasting pans and stirred until each leaf is thoroughly dry. Later they are sifted to separate the fine leaves from the coarser ones. When tea is shipped the boxes are lined with thin sheets of lead so no moisture can get in, otherwise the tea would spoil.

"I think that is very good," said Miss Mason as Kwei Chen finished her story, and all the girls seemed proud of her.

Then Miss Mason asked how silk is made, and since Mei Chu had often seen women

feeding the silk worms, unwinding the dainty threads from the cocoons, spinning, and weaving cloth, she volunteered to tell the story of silk-making.

"Now don't you like our school?" asked Pao Chu confidently when the hour was over.

"I think it is perfectly wonderful to learn about our magnificent country," exclaimed Mei Chu, and then she added, thoughtfully, "Just suppose there hadn't been room in the school for me."

In the late afternoon a group of older girls were studying together when Miss Mason entered the room.

"I have come to find a big sister for a new girl," she said. "She is late in entering and may need the help of an older girl until she becomes acquainted and catches the spirit of the school. Mei Ling, your 'little sister' did not come back this year. How would you like to take a new one?"

"Oh, I saw the new girl when she arrived and I shall be glad to know her and help her if I can," said Mei Ling. "Where have you put her, Miss Mason? I thought the dormitory was full."

"I thought so too, but I found I could crowd in one more. You know about the hardest thing that a missionary has to do is to turn a

girl away from an education, and there are so many who want to come. At one school in Nanking there was room for only half the girls who came. Another school turned away sixty. Mei Chu's coming to us may be the only opportunity she will ever have for a modern education and for learning to know the Christian faith. Who can tell but that God has sent her to us, that she may prepare for some great service to the world and to the church?"

Thus it came about that Mei Ling, whom all the girls thought one of the dearest and loveliest seniors, happened into the room where Mei Chu was putting away the suits and stockings and shoes she had brought with her and feeling so strange in the big dormitory with so many girls.

"Let me show you just how your clothes can be stored away in these cupboards. Each girl has one, so of course, they can't be very large," said Mei Ling.

"You are very kind, just like a big sister," said Mei Chu when they had finished.

As Mei Ling was leaving she said: "Tomorrow I am going to the home of an American lady. On one afternoon of each week she invites all the Chinese mothers who live near her to come to her home and bring their children. Then she asks girls from our school to

come and sing for them. I will take you with me if you would like to go."

"Yes, I should," replied Mei Chu. "I have never been to the home of a foreign lady."

On the way they passed a large building which stood a few blocks from the school. Mei Ling explained that it was a "hospital" and that it had many beds where sick folks were cared for, and that people came not only from the city, but from all the country round about to see the American doctor.

"This smaller building is called the clinic," said the older girl, "and every morning people come to have their cuts bandaged, their hurts healed, or their eyes treated. There are many who have eye troubles. The doctor says that Oriental people have not yet learned to be careful about diseases of the eyes, and that is the reason there is so much blindness in Eastern countries. When the doctor first came here many Chinese were afraid of his medicine. They would first try all the things that the uneducated Chinese people told them to do. Now many of them know that the doctor is their friend, and those who have been cared for in the hospital do not like to leave."

"Do women also go there?" asked Mei Chu.

"There is another hospital for women. It is up the street on the other side of the school. Some day I should like to have you go there

with me to see the babies. But here we are at the doctor's house. I forgot to tell you that the American lady is the wife of the doctor at the big hospital."

At the door beside the house they entered was a little garden. There were apple and pear trees and beds of autumn flowers. The women and children had all stopped to admire the flowers, for most of them lived in houses so small that there was no room for gardens, or even for pots of flowers. Inside, the mothers were gathered in one large room. Their curious eyes were taking in the pictures on the walls and the comfortable chairs. In another room were the children, some of them just babies, and one of the older girls from the school was playing with them.

"The school girls are here now," said the doctor's wife, "and they will sing for us."

They stood before the group of women.

"Come, stand with us, Mei Chu," said Mei Ling. "You belong with us, even though you have not yet learned our songs."

In Mei Chu's home she had learned little songs that her mother and the amah sometimes sang to the children, but a choir of voices such as this she had never heard except at the services in the school chapel. The music and the words too were new and strange, but she liked the songs and she wanted to sing as the other

girls did. Then a Chinese man whom the girls called the "Minister" came in to speak to the mothers, and Mei Ling took Mei Chu and went to the room where the children were. Mei Ling had some books with pictures and Chinese characters and she spoke to the children about the pictures.

"I know what the writing says," boasted a boy, and he read the words.

"How did you learn it?" asked the boy who sat beside him and who looked in wonder at a child who was able to read.

"Why, I go to school," he replied, "and we have pretty books like this. I am glad to learn to read books. I am going to be a scholar."

"Where do you go?" asked the second boy.

"There is a little school just down the street from where we live. A girl who used to come here to tell us stories is our teacher. Why don't you come to school too?"

"Oh, I have to help mother, and, then, nobody ever asked me to go."

"Better come. We play games too, and have lots of fun. Ask your mother if you can't come."

And the small boy toddled in to his mother to tell her about the boy who could read and to ask her if he couldn't go to school. Mei Ling sang some little songs with the children, and then, although it was not Christmas, she

HOW MISSIONARIES TRAVEL



1. The Peking cart is used in North China. This one has just come through a gateway in the Great Wall.



2. A friend from America is visiting the missionary. The second wheelbarrow carries their food and bedding.

told them the story "which begins every Christmas Eve, and yet never ends at all for ever and ever." It was the first time that Mei Chu had ever heard the story, and she listened with wonder akin to that which the shepherds must have felt when they listened to the music on the first Christmas Eve, long, long ago.

"Where did you read the story you told to the children?" asked Mei Chu as the girls were returning to the school.

"It's in the book from which we read in chapel," answered Mei Ling. "We call the book the Bible."

"I wonder if I could get one," said Mei Chu. "I want to send it to my grandfather."

CHAPTER VI

A JUNIOR REPUBLIC

ON the day Ching Fong entered the Boys' School he and his father followed Mr. Brown and Robert Moore into the office of the principal. While Mr. Brown was writing down Ching Fong's name and his age and inquiring about the things he had studied, a tall man entered the room.

"Hello, Father," exclaimed Robert. "I've been learning a new game. This is Ching Fong. He showed me how to play it," and Robert displayed the shuttlecock with its tuft of feathers and began to explain the game.

Mr. Brown stopped his writing and introduced Mr. Chang, the Chinese official, and Mr. Moore, who had come to China to study Chinese plants and to take back seeds of those that he thought might be useful in America.

"What have you discovered in my unworthy land that can serve your honorable country?" asked Mr. Chang, and Mr. Brown, who spoke Chinese as well as English, interpreted the conversation.

"China has many plants, both wild and cultivated, that we like to have grow in our coun-

try," replied Mr. Moore. "The seeds of some have already been sent to America and we are glad to find that these do well. In our southlands we are planting bamboo groves and our people are learning to use the tender shoots for food just as you use them in China.

"When our American chestnut trees were dying because of a disease that affected the bark, we found that Chinese chestnuts were much more resistant, and these have been planted in some places where our groves were lost. We have also taken your elm trees, which are more hardy than ours, and have planted them on some of our Western plains. They are now growing rapidly in places where the cold winds would kill our American elms.

"The Chinese pine tree is also becoming known in our land. Mr. Rockhill, who was once the American minister to China, loved that tree with its beautiful white bark and dark evergreen needles and sent many seeds to America. One of the trees that grew from these seeds now shades his grave."

"Suppose we all walk over to the dormitory while we talk and see where the school boys live," suggested Mr. Brown, and they went out together.

"But America has given its fruit trees to China," said Mr. Chang. "When I was in Cheefu I found wonderful apples and pears

and grapes such as we formerly did not know here, and I learned that the missionary doctor had first brought these from America and planted them in his own garden. The trees grew and the fruit ripened well. He sent presents of it to his Chinese friends. They liked it, and now these trees and vines are growing in many places in China."

"China has also given us of its fruits," said Mr. Moore. "The trees which bear the large, luscious Tamopan persimmons have been taken to America and the fruit is now sold in our markets. Our native persimmons come from trees that grow wild and the fruit is small. The Chinese persimmons are much larger and more desirable. Your wild peach, too, has been taken to our country, and we find that it thrives in our alkaline soils where few other plants will grow. The jujube tree with its large Chinese dates is being grown in American orchards, and in one American city there is an avenue of Chinese pistachio trees."

"It is good when nations thus help each other," remarked Mr. Chang, and Robert, who had been listening with interest, added,

"By being friends and sharing, both countries have grown richer and nobody is poorer."

"Very different from war, is it not?" commented his father.

"Come over here, Wei Ping," called Mr.

Brown to one of a group of boys who were playing with a football.

Wei Ping tossed the ball to another member of the team and came running from the field.

"Ching Fong is the boy of whom I told you," said Mr. Brown after he had introduced Wei Ping. "When we have seen the dormitory I think he would like to go with you and learn to know the other boys."

"That tall fellow coming across the campus is our President," explained Wei Ping later when, the two boys having been left alone, they were walking out on the field.

"What do you mean by a 'President'?" asked Ching Fong.

"We have a student republic in our school," said Wei Ping.

"What's that?" asked the new boy.

"Well, it came about in this way. We kept hearing so much about China's not being able to form a strong government and about the Chinese people not knowing how to run a republic. We knew that much of it was true and the story was told to us so often that we couldn't help thinking and talking about it a good deal among ourselves. I guess Mr. Brown heard us, for one day he called all the boys together.

"I hear you boys lamenting a good deal over the present political situation in China,'

he said. 'What do you think is the cause of this state of affairs?'

"Some of the fellows said that it was because China has such a small number of educated people out of all her four hundred million. Some said that not enough of our people are interested in the government.

" 'But you are interested,' said Mr. Brown, 'and you are becoming educated. Now, if you had some training, do you suppose you could some day help to change conditions?'

"Of course we thought we could, and we asked him how we could get the training, and Mr. Brown said:

" 'Let's have a student republic. People who live together need some form of organization,' he explained. 'Every one must agree to divide the work and to ask somebody to become responsible for each part. Now, if you made the rules of the school, which are like the laws of a country, would that give you training in government?'

"Of course we knew that it would and we wanted to try it. Then Mr. Brown said:

" 'Suppose some boy broke the rules. What would you do?' and we saw that there would have to be somebody to make him obey or punish him.

" 'How could you find out whether or not the boy was guilty?' asked Mr. Brown, and he



BOYS AT PLAY

showed us that we'd have to have a court with a judge and a jury to decide whether the boy should be punished.

"We talked about the rules of the school, but there were so many of us who wanted to talk, that the first day we didn't get any rules made. It wasn't so easy for so large a group to work together, so we decided to choose two representatives from each class and Mr. Brown said that any of us could go to our representatives and tell them what we thought would be good laws. We had a committee appointed to write a constitution for us and bring it to our next meeting.

"Well, we worked on the new plan all last year and we have learned a lot of things. We have a President, a Vice-President, a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of the Interior, and a Minister of Justice. The two boys elected from each class first agree on what shall be the rules of the school, and then, if we like the rules, we vote for them. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is the boy we elect to take things up with the faculty. The Minister of the Interior and his Board take charge of the campus, and keep order in the dormitories and the dining room. The Minister of Justice with his helpers hold court when a boy has to be tried for breaking the rules."

Ching Fong listened with eager interest to

the story of the student republic. He realized with a thrill of pride that he was already a citizen of that republic.

"And some day I'll be President," he said to himself.

Again it was Sunday morning. Ching Fong opened his eyes, as he had two weeks before when, in his own home, he had been awakened by the noises from the street and from the busy working world. But in the school dormitory and out in the compound all was quiet. He reached for his watch. Yes, it was time to be up. How strange! Wei Ping, whose bed was next to his, turned over.

"What's the matter that everything is different this morning?" Ching Fong asked. "It's already seven o'clock."

"Oh, this is Sunday morning," answered Wei Ping.

"Why is Sunday different?"

"Well, you know this is a Christian school, and Christian people don't do their regular work on Sunday."

"Why not?"

"They tell us here that a man himself is something bigger and finer than the thing he does for a living and that he needs to rest from his work and think about his life and about big and fine things," explained Wei Ping.

"But that means just students like us and men of the kind we are going to be." Ching Fong spoke his thoughts.

"No, it means everybody."

"Coolies and carters and factory workers?"

"Yes."

"Why, they aren't educated. They wouldn't think of the higher and finer things even if they didn't have to work!"

"But I guess they need rest anyway."

"What do you do on Sundays?" asked Ching Fong.

"We go to the Christian temple, which we call the church."

"What does the Christian God look like? I'd like to see his image."

"There aren't any images in our church," said Wei Ping.

"No images! Why not? What do the people worship?" asked Ching Fong.

"We worship the Great Spirit of Spirits, and our teacher says he is so great and wonderful that it would be wrong to try to picture him as idols are made in wood or plaster."

"Does this Great Spirit live in the Christian temple as the spirits of our ancestors live in the tablets?"

"No, they tell us here at school that God is everywhere, like the light of day. We go to church to offer prayers and sing our songs to-

gether. But we can worship anywhere. Mr. Worth—you know the man who shows us how to play football and baseball—he teaches our class in the church school on Sundays, and he says we can pray on the athletic field as well as we can in church, only, because God hates everything mean and wrong, we can't, of course, ask for any unfair advantage, but for help to play hard and make the game clean and strong."

Ching Fong had often seen his mother make the offerings to the kitchen gods, and he had sometimes gone with her to the temples where the courts were filled with dirty, ragged beggar children. There he had seen her bow low before the homely images and give money to the priests, but the only worship he himself really knew was that connected with the offerings made before the ancestral tablets and at the graves of his great grandparents, and that was only half worship and half respect paid to their memory. As he thought of this he had a feeling that Christian worship was very different, and he liked what Wei Ping had told him.

CHAPTER VII

THE PIRATES' ISLAND

ON a Saturday afternoon a group of boys were returning with Mr. Worth, their missionary teacher, from a hike. As they came near the city they saw at a distance a cluster of little houses surrounding a larger building.

"That must be a church," exclaimed Ching Fong. "It is like the one near our school, only not nearly so large. Why should a church be built out here with only a few houses around it and nobody else near?"

"I don't know," replied Wei Ping. "Let's ask Mr. Worth," and the two boys, who had dropped behind, ran to overtake their teacher.

"Mr. Worth, do you know about that building we just passed—the one that looks like a church?"

"It is a church," replied Mr. Worth.

"Why was it built away out here?" asked Wei Ping.

"I wonder if you would like to hear a story about it," said Mr. Worth. "Wei Ping, it will be of special interest to you if you study medicine and become a physician, as you talk of doing."

"Yes, tell us," replied the boys, and Mr. Worth began.

"When I first came to the school and used to go out this road on hikes there were people living there in the poorest huts you ever saw. They made them from sticks and reeds and mud. Always some of those people would be sitting beside the road begging. Once I saw a boy among them and his foot was deformed. I asked the doctor at the hospital about them and he said they had been cast out from the places where they had lived in the city because they were sick with a disease called leprosy.

"That is a very ancient disease and is often mentioned in the Bible. Even to-day there are some people with leprosy in the land where Jesus lived and there was a time when the disease was common in France and in England. One of the great cathedrals in England has a little window where in olden times people with leprosy might stand and listen from without to the service and see what they could of the worship within. This window was called the 'lepers' squint.' Now one does not often hear of lepers in Western countries because they were given homes separate from other people. If the same thing could be done in China and Japan, and Siam and India, the world would soon be rid of the disease just as many other sicknesses are being stamped out.

“Well, the American nurse at the hospital saw the people here outside the city wall. She felt sorry for them and she wanted to make it possible for them to live without going among other people. So she went to the officials and asked to have this plot of ground set aside for them. She helped them to get materials for better houses and to divide the land so that each one would have a little garden and could raise his own vegetables. She asked her friends to help her get clothing for them, and she used to come out Sunday afternoons and talk with them and read to them from the Bible. I can never tell you how grateful the poor sick people were to her and they were so happy to hear the Bible stories.

“Then she wrote to the Mission to the Lepers in America about her sick folks and the Mission gave money to build this little chapel where all the lepers could come together on Sunday and have a church service, much like that we have in our church near the school campus.

“She also asked friends to send Christmas gifts for these men and women and boys and girls, for they have no way to earn money and are not allowed to go into the stores to buy, and from America came such useful gifts as needles, pins, pencils, handkerchiefs, pieces of cloth for patch-work, knitted scarfs, sewing

bags and soap. What cheer these presents brought! Lepers are perhaps the loneliest people in all the world, and they were so happy to know that they had friends, even though those friends were thousands of miles away. Now they are much happier and more contented, and they do not trouble passers-by as they used to do."

"You mentioned that there were people with leprosy in Japan and Siam and India. Are there homes and colonies like this in those countries?" Wei Ping asked.

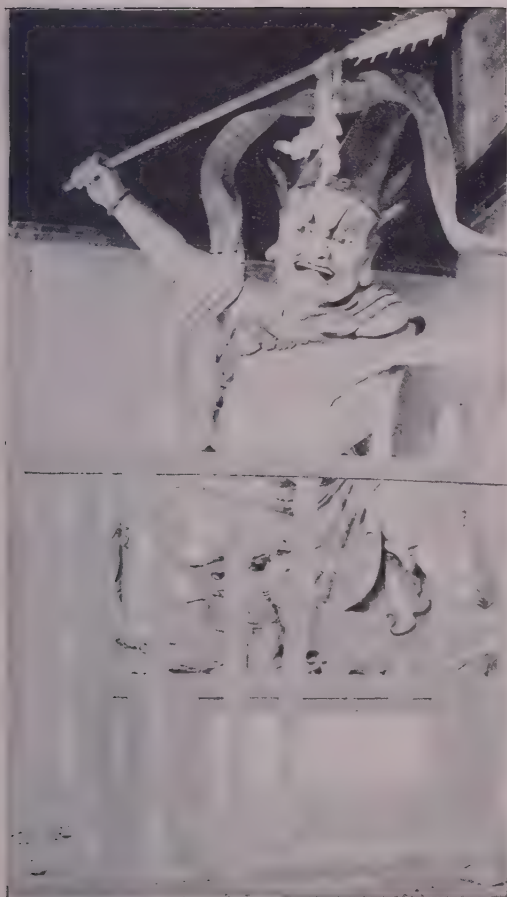
"Yes. The missionaries in all those countries are helping the lepers, and sometimes help is given by the governments. Mr. Sam Higginbottom has charge of a wonderful home for them in Allahabad, India. Dr. McKean has secured one in Siam, and there are also homes in Korea and Japan, and there is one in the United States."

"I have seen such people begging in our own city," said Ching Fong, "and my grandfather has told me of this sickness. Are there many people in China who have leprosy?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Worth. "There are probably four hundred thousand—as many lepers as Christians in China."

"Can not the doctors help them?" asked Wei Ping.

"Many good physicians are trying to do



ONE OF MANY IDOLS WORSHIPED IN CHINA

so," said Mr. Worth, "but through all the long centuries they have not known any medicine that would cure leprosy. A few years ago, however, a great doctor in India experimented with the oil that is pressed from the seeds of the Chaulmoogra apples. This oil has helped very many lepers and seems to have made some entirely well, but the trees are scarce and the new medicine is expensive. Now Chaulmoogra apple orchards are being planted in Burma and in the Hawaiian Islands and other countries, and we hope that in a few years there will be plenty of oil."

"When the missionaries go among the lepers is there not danger that they themselves will take the disease which they are trying to prevent other people from taking?" one of the boys inquired.

"There is no danger if the missionaries are careful. One group of Christian missionaries, the Moravians, have had a hospital for people with leprosy in the city of Jerusalem for more than three hundred years, and none of the doctors or nurses who have cared for these sick people have ever taken the disease."

"There was an old man who used to beg at our gate, and my mother would ask Ah Chow, our gate-keeper, to give him rice. I wish he could live in a place like this," said Ching Fong.

"Is this little colony the only place in China where these sick people can live by themselves and raise their food?" asked Wei Ping.

"No, there are a number of Homes and colonies, but not nearly so many as there should be. Just now a new colony is being founded that has a very thrilling story, for the place was once a pirates' island."

"Where is it?" asked Ching Fong.

"It is at the mouth of the Pearl River about ninety miles from Canton and eighty miles from Hong Kong, and the name of the island is Tai Kam.

"Mr. Lake, a missionary in Canton, had been much interested in the lepers and had assisted a large number of them to live in a little colony by themselves, but he wanted to find a better place, so he went to see the officials at Canton.

"I should like permission to go up in the airplane with the aviator who often flies over the country about here. I want to look over the land and see if I can find a better location for our leper colony," said Mr. Lake. "There should be some place where sick folks can live more comfortably and also be farther away from the homes of other people."

"We are interested in your work and shall be glad to have you go," replied the officials, and he went.

"The aviator circled around and around the whole district about Canton, and finally he and Mr. Lake saw the island of Tai Kam. It rose high above the surrounding water and seemed a good place for the colony. The airplane returned to its landing and then Mr. Lake got a boat and went over to the island. He found that it was owned by some fishermen who said they would be glad to sell. Mr. Lake returned to Canton and visited Mr. Wu Ting Fang, a man who was once the Chinese minister to the United States and who was sometimes called China's 'grand old man.' Mr. Lake told him about the opportunity to buy the island, and Mr. Wu Ting Fang gave the money, five thousand dollars, to pay for it.

"The island is three miles long and three miles wide and the leper people will have a chance to raise their own rice and vegetables. But when Mr. Lake went over again to find the best place to build the cottages and the hospital he had a great surprise.

"As his launch went chug, chugging up toward the place of landing, there before him was a boat, with a great square, patched sail. It had been driven by strong winds close to the shore of the little island and several smaller boats had surrounded it. There was great commotion on board the sailboat. Men

were running here and there, some were crying out as if they were being hurt, and boxes were being tumbled about. Mr. Lake had lived long enough near the shores of the China Sea to know what this meant. The sailboat was being attacked by pirates. Great, fierce-looking men they were, with pistols and knives, and belts stuck full of cartridges. They were robbing the sailboat of everything valuable that it had on board and loading their booty into their own smaller boats.

“But it was also a surprise for the pirates to have a steam launch with a foreign passenger come boldly upon them. The launch halted and the foreign man raised his hand high and called to them. They did not know what this might mean, so the pirates quickly took to their boats. The crew of the sailboat was glad to make their escape with their lives.

“Later Mr. Lake discovered that the home of these pirates was on the island that Mr. Wu Ting Fang had purchased for a home for the lepers. Of course the pirates had no right to the land, but Mr. Lake did not try to send them away. He began right away to make friends with them and told them that for a long time there would be room on the island for them also, so if they wished to work for wages instead of robbing boats, they might stay and help him build the hospital.

“‘Your words are words of good hearing,’ said the chief of the pirates. ‘We would like to stay and help you put up the buildings.’”

“When Sunday came Mr. Lake went over to the pirates’ village and held a church service among them and started a Sunday school.

“There are Sunday schools for many different groups of people in different parts of the world. There are Sunday schools for factory workers, for sailors, for soldiers, for men in prison, for cowboys on the plains of America who ride many miles on their ponies to meet with their classes, but I wonder if anywhere else in the world there is a Sunday school for pirates!” said Mr. Worth as he finished the story.

The boys passed through the gate of the city wall and on through the narrow streets to their own school campus. They did not have much to say, there was so much to think about. But when they had gone to bed and the dormitory was supposed to be quiet, Ching Fong said:

“My father and my grandfather want me to be a statesman and help China in that way, but the doctors are going to help China a lot too, aren’t they?”

“Yes, if they are like the missionaries. I’m glad I’m going to be a doctor,” said Wei Ping.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE SOUTHLAND

“**L**ET us take Ching Fong, Father,” pleaded Robert. “He has never been south and he’d like to go. He says, too, that his father wants him to know all parts of China. Ching Fong is going to become a learned man. He will do great things some day.”

For four months Robert and Ching Fong had spent much of their playtime together and had talked by signs and words until Ching Fong was able to use sentences, for he was also studying English in the school. Robert’s father had returned from his long trip to the west country to remain for a while at the school and then begin his journey southward. It was just before the Chinese New Year when school would be closed for three weeks and the schoolboys and girls would have a chance to go home.

“We can write to Mr. Chang and see what he thinks of your plan,” Mr. Moore replied.

The words were hardly spoken when Robert was out of the room and bounding across the playground to the dormitory.

"Ching Fong, you are going south with us if your father is willing. Don't you think he will let you go? It is almost time for the vacation and you will not miss much time from school."

"Hooray," shouted Ching Fong. "I know my father will let me go."

So it came about that when the Moore family left for the south, Ching Fong went with them.

There was a trip down the Yang-tse to Shanghai, where Ching Fong saw for the first time a great city that is not Chinese although it is in China. Nearly a century ago, when the place was only a small, walled town with an anchoring place for Chinese junks and the people who lived there were mostly fishermen, the British discovered it and thought what a fine location it would make for the great warehouses and business houses they would need when British ships came up the river to trade. So they bought a large tract of land and built upon it the great commercial metropolis of the east.

As the boys rode in rickshas down the street of the great modern city they saw on the corners stately figures in dark blue uniforms and red turbans standing almost like statues. These are the Sikh policemen whom the British have brought from India. Noble-looking men

they are, more than six feet tall, with serious faces but sharp, dark eyes, and they look down upon the smaller people of many nations who pass to and fro on the streets.

Lying in the harbor were American, English, Japanese, and French ships and many sailing vessels with their great square sails. Little house boats, and other smaller craft, were darting here and there. The boat for Foochow lay at anchor beside one of the great docks. It took a whole train of rickshas to take the Moore family and Ching Fong and all the baggage across the Bund and out on the pier to the ship.

As they went on board they saw at the end of the gang plank an American man and a boy a little younger than Ching Fong and Robert.

"You are going to Foochow?" the man asked Mrs. Moore.

"Yes," she replied.

"Would you mind adding another boy to your party? His name is Lyndon Fisher and he has been going to school here, but his father and mother have asked us to let him go down to Foochow to spend the Chinese New Year holidays and suggested that we put him in care of some Americans who might be making the trip also."

"We shall be glad to have him go with

us," said Mrs. Moore, "and will see that he finds his mother at the end of the journey."

Although the passengers had to go on board in the evening, the Foochow boat remained at the dock until the early morning, and while the boys were still asleep the anchors were lifted and the ship put out to sea. Robert and Ching Fong felt a little cheated that they had not awakened to watch the land grow smaller and smaller as the boat drew farther and farther away, but when they got up and looked out of the window they could still see the shore in the distance and the ocean was tinged with yellow where its waters mingled with those of the Yang-tse. The first day it rained and everybody stayed indoors, but on the second day at sea the boys noticed that the hills, instead of being brown and barren as they were in the Yang-tse valley, were covered with trees. The air, too, was as warm as a day in spring.

Ships carrying freight and passengers to Foochow do not go up to the city, for that is about thirty miles from the sea on the Min River. At the mouth of the river is Pagoda Island, so named because long ago there was built on it a tall, many-storied pagoda with its finger pointing heavenward. At this island the ocean-going steamers dock and transfer

their cargoes to smaller river boats which go up to the city.

"Why did they build the city so far from the sea?" Robert asked the captain when he stopped to speak to Ching Fong and Robert and Lyndon, who were playing on deck.

"Long ago it did stand on the seashore just across from the Pagoda Island," said the captain. "But the waters were infested with pirates, and the people who lived there were never safe. Once the pirates came and attacked the city and surrounded its walls. No food could be brought in, either by water or by land. After a few weeks the food in the city was almost gone and the people were beginning to grow very hungry. Then one man made a daring suggestion.

" 'Suppose we boil all the rice that we have left and throw it into the ditches,' he said. 'It will then be washed out to sea, and when the pirates see the rice in the water, they will say: 'How much rice the people of this city have! They are throwing it away instead of trying to save it. We'd better leave this place and go to some hungrier city or capture a junk belonging to some rich merchant.' "

"It was a hard thing to do when people were already hungry for that rice, but something had to be done, and nobody had a better plan, so they decided to try this one. All the



PAGODA ISLAND

Where ships discharge freight and passengers for Foochow.

rice that could be found was boiled and then poured out to be washed down to the sea. The pirates saw it and they said just what the wise man imagined they would. Then they raised the great square sails of their boats and put out to sea.

“What rejoicing there was in the city when it became known that the pirates had sailed away! The gates were thrown open and the people went in long processions to the temples to thank the gods for their deliverance from the pirates. But, like the Greeks who captured the city of Troy, the Chinese pirates returned. They quietly slipped in while the people were still in the temples, and captured the city. All the houses were destroyed and many men and women and children were carried away as slaves. Later, when a new city was built, it was tucked away up the river where it would be safe from the pirates.”

The captain finished the story and left the boys. Ching Fong and Robert stood at the rail gazing at the green hills and then peering down at the waves. But Lyndon was so excited that he could not stand still. Back of the hills was the only home he had ever known, for, although he was an American boy, he could scarcely remember anything about America, and in the Chinese town in which his

father and mother lived as missionaries all the boys that he knew were Chinese. He paced up and down the deck and finally came to sit beside Mrs. Moore.

"If you lived over on the other side of those hills, and Robert had been away from home for a long time, and he were coming down on this boat, would you meet him at the Pagoda Island, or would you wait till the launch took him up to the city?" he asked her.

"I am positively sure that I should meet him at the Pagoda Island," said Mrs. Moore, and the boy seemed content.

The ship moved slowly up to the dock. Little boats came swarming around to receive the freight and the Chinese passengers who were on board. Then a launch was seen coming down the river for the foreign passengers. It drew alongside the ship and a moment later Lyndon was in his mother's arms.

The large mission stations at Foochow are not on the main land but on an island in the river.

Not many years ago the Chinese did not like to have foreigners live in their country. Later they became a little more friendly and in some cities they told the foreigners they might live in certain districts. These districts were called the "foreign concessions." In Foochow the beautiful island on which most of

the missionaries live and have their schools is a part of the foreign concession.

To its landing place on this island the launch carried the foreign passengers, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore were met by friends who had waited for their coming and who were to make the days spent in Foochow very happy ones.

The next morning the visitors took rickshas and, following a guide, started out for a trip into the city. They crossed from the island to the main land on the great stone bridge built more than six hundred years ago. The Chinese people call it Wang-seu-kio, which means the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages. When they reached the ancient Chinese city they had to leave the rickshas and walk, for the streets of Foochow are so narrow and uneven that wheeled vehicles cannot be used.

They visited shops and interesting old temples and climbed Ping Sang, the Screen Mountain, which is given this name because it is shaped like an open folding screen. There are two other mountains—really only hills—in the city of Foochow, but Mr. Moore decided to climb Ping Sang because the Buddhist temple on the top has beautiful large wooded grounds and he wanted to see the trees. When they were ready to return they went down to the river bank and the guide called one of the little sampans, or house boats, of which there

are many hundreds on the Min River, and a little Chinese woman whose only home was this boat rowed them across to the island. At the home of their friends half a dozen men were waiting on the porch, each with a large square of cloth spread on the floor on which he had placed beautiful lacquer vases and boxes, pieces of embroidery, and other interesting articles. The shopkeepers of the neighborhood had learned that a new foreign lady had come to that house and each one wanted to be the first to offer her his wares.

Mr. Moore wanted very much to take a little boat and go farther up the Min River to visit the tea farms, but the boat for Hong Kong was leaving too soon for them to make this trip and return, so they had only time to visit with their American friends who were teaching in the Christian schools and colleges.

Robert and Ching Fong liked Foochow and were sorry to leave, but early one morning the launch carried them down to the Pagoda Island, where they boarded a steamer and soon were off for Hong Kong. All day they sailed near the coast with its many little inlets and islands. A little farther inland they could see beautiful wooded hills.

In the afternoon the boys were sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Moore on the rear deck when a

barefooted sailor came up and handed a note to Mr. Moore. He opened it and read, "The captain presents his compliments and suggests that you may enjoy watching the cormorants fishing around the small island on the right." They all hurried to the other side of the boat to see hundreds of the great birds, some perching on a high rock and others flying about and darting into the water for fish.

"These are the birds that are so often caught by Chinese fishermen and trained to catch fish for them," said Mr. Moore, and Ching Fong told of a fisherman he had seen putting an iron ring around the neck of a cormorant to keep it from swallowing the fish it caught.

That evening the sea became rough and the passengers had to seek their berths early, but the next morning when they awoke, the boat had anchored in the harbor of Amoy. There it remained all day, unloading boxes of freight brought down from Foochow and taking on board other boxes for ports farther south. Mr. and Mrs. Moore and the boys went into the city, and there too they found American missionaries with large schools for boys and for girls, just as they had seen in many other cities of China. At nightfall the boat sailed away and early the next morning reached the city of Swatow.

Breakfast was not yet over when salesmen

came on board with pieces of beautiful drawn work.

"How did the women learn to do such exquisite needlework!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore.

"It was the wife of a missionary who taught them," the captain told her. "Now Swatow is famous for this work."

Not long before they arrived a great tidal wave had swept over Swatow and washed away hundreds and hundreds of homes, so the missionaries there were busy with relief work for the homeless families.

At the close of the day the ship set sail once more, and when their boat again dropped anchor it was in the harbor of Hong Kong, one of the most beautiful harbors in all the world.

"There's a car track running straight up that mountainside," said Robert as he stood waiting impatiently to go ashore.

"What do you mean by a car?" asked Ching Fong.

"You'll have a chance to ride in one here," said Mr. Moore, "though Hong Kong is not really a Chinese city. You know this island was taken by Great Britain during the war she made on China in 1841 because the Chinese government refused to buy the opium that English merchants brought from India. For that reason there are Chinese people even to-

day who do not feel very friendly toward the English, though trade with England has given employment to many thousands of Chinese people, and English missionaries have opened many schools and founded hospitals for the Chinese."

The day in Hong Kong was spent in sight-seeing and the boys had a ride on the peak tramway, which carried them up and up above the terraced hillsides with their beautiful homes and trees and flowers till they reached the peak, one thousand two hundred feet above the bay. But when evening came they again went aboard a boat, this time for a moonlight sail on the Pearl River (Chu Kiang) to Canton, which is about eighty miles to the northwest.

Canton is the largest city in China and perhaps the largest on the continent of Asia. It is more than two thousand years old. Its first wall was built in the year 1067. Long ago the city began to spread out beyond the wall, however, and only recently this wall, which was twenty feet thick, was taken down and in its place a street-car line has been built.

Robert and Ching Fong liked the streets of Canton. There was one called Great Peace Street, and another called Thirteenth Street, so named, Mr. Moore said, because more than

a century ago, when European people were not allowed to live in any other Chinese city, the city of Canton gave them permission to live on that street, and the Europeans built thirteen factories there.

At the shops with their open fronts they all stopped to watch men and boys carving ivory, making jade and amber ornaments and pins that looked as if they were enameled, but were really given their brilliant colors by pasting on the silver tiny bits of the red, blue and green feathers of the kingfisher.

On the Pearl River, as on all the rivers of South China, many people live on little boats. Canton has about three hundred and fifty thousand boat people, which is more than in any other city. The dialect spoken by the boat people is different from that spoken by the people in Canton, and the land people say they belong to a different clan. Of course the boat people are very poor because there are so few things they can do to earn a living.

A few years ago Christian missionaries began to work among the boat people, and now the South China Boat Mission has eight gospel boats. The largest one is used for the church services, and another for the dispensary. There are also two school boats, one for girls and one for boys. Of course the children have to live on the school boats because their



HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LIVE IN LITTLE BOATS ON THE RIVERS OF CHINA

own "homes" are moved about so much carrying passengers and freight, and sometimes they go long distances up the river. The boat people are glad to have Christian teachers come to them and already the church on the water has many members.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Robert and Ching Fong took a launch and went out to the Canton Christian College. Besides all the other departments, this college has a Department of Agriculture and Mr. Moore spent the whole day in the field, where plants from all parts of China and from many foreign lands are growing.

"There is a pilgrimage I want to make," said Mrs. Moore as they returned from the college. "I want to go to Macao, where Robert Morrison lived and where the first Protestant Church in China was organized."

"Very well, we will all go," replied Mr. Moore. "First we will write to the missionary in Macao and ask him to meet the boat and show us the places connected with Robert Morrison's work."

Early one morning they took a steamer and went down the river to Macao, a city where long ago the Chinese gave Portuguese traders permission to live and carry on their work. The city is built on a peninsula and cut off from the mainland by a wall which the Chinese

built to shut out the foreigners, whom they did not like.

When the boat reached Macao the missionary met them. To their surprise, they found an automobile waiting to take them from the pier across the city to the place where Robert Morrison lived and worked a hundred years ago. He was not allowed to preach or to teach openly, and spent much of his time in translating the Bible into Chinese.

"Morrison's Chinese assistants were always afraid someone would find out that they were helping the foreigner put his sacred books into Chinese," the missionary told them. "They knew that if they were discovered, it would cost them their lives."

Across the street from the office where he worked is the little English cemetery where Robert Morrison was buried. Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Robert and Ching Fong went over and stood beside the grave while Mr. Moore offered a little prayer of thanksgiving for the life of the man who had braved so many dangers in order to bring Christianity to China. They returned to the automobile and drove back to the other side of the peninsula.

By and by they stopped at a place where a little stream trickled down the hillside. They left the car and climbed up the hill, following the stream to its source in a small cave. As

they gathered around the spring the missionary told the story of the dark night when Robert Morrison, after seven years of work in China, had here baptized the first man to be won by him to Christian faith. This was one of the men who had helped translate the Bible into Chinese.

"When Morrison died in 1837 there were just three Chinese members of the little church he had organized," said the missionary. "That was less than a century ago."

"And to-day there are almost four hundred thousand," said Mrs. Moore.

"There is a whole multitude of boys and girls in Christian schools," said Robert.

"Yes, think of all the good things that have come from that small beginning," replied Mrs. Moore.

CHAPTER IX

FOREIGN CLOTHES

IT was February and the Chinese New Year was coming.

"Oh, but I'll be glad to go home!" exclaimed Mei Chu as she and Pao Chu strolled across the campus. "You know it doesn't seem quite the same here since Ching Fong went away to the South, even though he used to come over to our school only once a week."

"And he won't be sitting with the other boys in church to-morrow, either," remarked Pao Chu, not very comfortingly.

"I just love the school and Miss Mason and everybody here," Mei Chu continued, "but I can hardly wait till vacation comes. And I'll have so much to tell mother and grandfather."

"Girls, I am wondering if you would not like to do something for me." A voice surprised them and, turning, they saw Miss Mason.

"Oh, we'd like to so much," exclaimed Pao Chu, and Mei Chu added with more dignity:

"It would give us much pleasure if we could be of assistance."

"A Sunday school in America has sent me a large package of picture cards," Miss Mason

explained, "and I should like to have someone write a Bible verse on each one. Would you like to do this for me?"

"Oh, yes," replied both girls together.

"The cards are up in my study, and if you like, you may come there this afternoon. I shall have to be away for a while, but I will leave them on the table with some brushes and some ink and the copy of the verses."

"Thank you, Miss Mason. We shall be glad to come," said Mei Chu.

It was with an excited giggle and a thrilly feeling that the two girls went to Miss Mason's study. It was a pleasant room with a desk, a table, a shelf of books and some pictures hanging on the wall. Miss Mason had already gone, but the copy and the cards and the brushes and the ink were on the table, and she had left a note saying she would be back in about an hour.

The girls set to work earnestly with the best of intentions, but the door to the next room was open and every few minutes their sharp eyes spied something new and interesting in Miss Mason's room.

Suddenly Pao Chu had a daring thought. Those American clothes! They had always been such a mystery and source of wonder. Here was a chance to find out all about them, and in an excited whisper she told Mei Chu.

She could do no more than whisper, **she was** so frightened at her own boldness.

"Pao Chu, how can you suggest **such a thing!**"

"Mei Chu, haven't you always wondered how you'd look in an American dress?"

"Yes, I have, and I'd like to try one on just as much as you would, but I don't think we'd better."

"I'm going to," said Pao Chu.

Mei Chu uttered a little gasp and dropped her brush, but Pao Chu's mind was made up and she recklessly walked over to the open closet. There hung the pink gingham that she had always admired so much. Slipping it from the hanger, she held it up before her and looked into the mirror. How pretty and fresh it was! It stood out just like the petals of a flower!

Mei Chu's curiosity got the better of her prudence and, yielding to the spell of novelty, she joined Pao Chu. There was Miss Mason's best dress, a brown one, with tiny beads on it. Down the side cascaded little fluffy, ripply loops of the material extending below the bottom of the dress. The sleeves were loose and flowing and felt so soft and fine!

"Let me put this on you, Mei Chu," and Mei Chu, who had always obeyed, consented, though rather reluctantly.



THE BAMBOO GROVE ON PURPLE MOUNTAIN
NEAR NANKING

Pao Chu snapped the last snapper of Miss Mason's best dress and Mei Chu looked at herself in the mirror and then paraded around the room with the feeling that she was floating in the air.

"You look perfectly stunning," said Pao Chu.

"Yes, I think it is quite becoming," said a quiet voice, and the girls looked up to find Miss Mason standing in the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Mason, what ever will you do with us!" exclaimed Pao Chu, and Mei Chu sank into a chair too frightened to speak.

"Don't act as if the sky had fallen," said Miss Mason in a friendly tone. "I came up earlier than I expected to tell you, Mei Chu, that your grandfather has come."

"Oh, my dear grandfather! And I have been such a wicked girl! What will he say to me when he knows what I have done? Miss Mason, won't you punish me in some other way, but don't tell him, not just yet. It has been so many moons since I have seen him and I don't want him to be disappointed in me right away," pleaded Mei Chu.

"As if there were need of punishment!" exclaimed Miss Mason. "Don't I know how strange and mysterious foreign clothes seem to a girl? I remember how I felt about a

Chinese suit that I wore once at an entertainment given by our Sunday school in America."

"It was my fault," confessed Pao Chu. "Mei Chu wouldn't have done it but for me."

"It was my fault too, Miss Mason. I didn't need to follow. I have always done just what I've been asked to do. But I guess after this I'll think for myself."

"It wasn't nice of us when you had trusted us, and I'm ashamed and sorry," said Pao Chu.

"Miss Mason, really aren't you cross? Aren't you going to scold us at all?" asked Mei Chu, and the tears began to run down her cheeks.

"No, I'm not going to scold you," replied Miss Mason. "Let me help you take off the dress and you wipe your eyes and run down to your grandfather, who is counting the minutes, I am sure, until you come. Some time later we can talk about the respect we should have for another's personal belongings."

A few minutes later two sober-faced little girls went down the stairs.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't been so nice," sobbed Pao Chu.

"I think Miss Mason is wonderful," said Mei Chu, and then for a while she forgot

everything else, for there in the large room at the foot of the stairs sat her grandfather.

"I was hoping you would come to take me home, Grandfather, and I'm so glad you came to-day," she exclaimed.

"I thought I would like to spend a few days here and see the school and attend the church service that you wrote about," said Grandfather Chang. "I have brought the little book that you sent me, you see," and he held up a Chinese book which was a translation of the Gospel of John. "I am glad it is a sleeve edition so that I can take it with me," he said. In China books are made in "sleeve" editions instead of "pocket" editions.

Then together the little girl and the old man walked through the campus and Mei Chu pointed out the school buildings, the tennis court, the playgrounds, and the athletic field and told about the games the girls played.

"And this is the church, Grandfather," she continued. "It's the Christian temple, and on Sundays we have the most beautiful music. First there is a Sunday school, but we girls can't come to it because there isn't room. The older people and the boys come, but we have to have our classes in our school chapel. Then we come over for the church service and there is music and worship, and the Minister talks

to us, but there aren't any homely images at all in this temple."

The church door opened and a Chinese gentleman came out.

"He is the Minister," whispered Mei Chu, as they acknowledged his greeting.

"You have come to see your honorable granddaughter?" he inquired respectfully, recognizing Mei Chu as one of the schoolgirls.

"Yes," replied Grandfather Chang. "It is my first visit to the school."

"You honor us by your coming," said the younger man. "Would it please you to step into our church?"

"We like the schools of the foreigners, but why do they also build here their temples? Do we need the religion of the foreigners?" inquired the grandfather.

"The Christian religion cannot be called a foreign religion," replied the Minister. "It had its beginnings on the continent of Asia. Americans and English and other foreigners have brought the Christian teaching to us, but their ancestors learned it from Christian missionaries who went to them from the Orient. The work of the Church in China is now carried on largely by the Chinese people. We read its sacred books in our own tongue."

"Yes, I have read one of those books and I was much impressed by it," and Grandfather

Chang showed the minister the copy of the Gospel which Mei Chu had sent him.

"Christianity is a religion for all peoples," continued the Minister. "It teaches us of God the Father and helps us to be glad in his love instead of living always in fear of evil spirits. It builds schools such as the one your granddaughter attends, where girls as well as boys may gain wisdom and knowledge, for these we believe God desires his children to possess. It encourages the care of health and the stamping out of disease. But perhaps you visited one of the Christian hospitals in our city?"

"They took Ching Fong to the hospital when he was hurt playing football," said Mei Chu. "But it wasn't a bad hurt, so he was there only a little while."

"I should like to see the doctor and thank him for the care he gave my grandson," said Grandfather Chang.

"It will be a pleasure to go with you if you wish to go now," volunteered the Minister.

Mei Chu left them and walked back to the school. It had seemed so good to tell Grandfather about all she had learned to know and to enjoy and she was glad he would be there on Sunday. Her grandfather went to see the American doctor and the hospital with its long rows of beds and the operating room, and

he learned much about the wonderful things the Christian people of America have done for the sick people in China.

Two days before the New Year Mei Chu and her grandfather reached home. But, oh, what busy days these were! At the store everybody who owed money had to come and settle his accounts before the end of the old year. At home the servants were house-cleaning. They were sweeping every room and dusting the carved ebony furniture until it shone. The marketing had to be done and enough food bought to last a week, because the stores would be closed until after the principal celebrations were over, and for days Mother Chang had been taking her sewing into the court to catch all the light of day, because Mei Chu and Baby Sun King must have new clothes to wear on New Year's Day.

But the kitchen was the busiest place of all. Chinese families who can afford it like to serve several different kinds of meats at their festive dinners, and in Grandfather Chang's home there would be pork and duck and chicken and fish. These were not to be carved at the table, but the meat must all be cut up in little bits to be served with vegetables and rice.

On New Year's Eve everyone in the household, even the youngest children, stayed up to "round the year," as they call seeing the old



CLIMBING THE 6,200 STEPS TO THE TOP OF TAIHIAN, ONE OF CHINA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS

year out and the new year in. In the court and on the street in front of the house they burned firecrackers. When midnight came bowls of food were brought in and placed before the ancestral tablets. Then Grandfather Chang knelt before them and repeated the words: "Beneath the immense vault of the Heavens I invite thee to eat and drink of these meats which with my whole heart I offer to thee and beg thee to graciously accept." Then he lighted a great heap of gilt paper, which represented money. Many Chinese people believe that the spirits can use this make-believe money to buy good things for themselves.

Bright colored Chinese lanterns lighted the rooms and the court. When the ceremony before the ancestral tablets was finished, all the family went out by the front door, the servants carrying lighted lanterns which they then held high in the air. This ceremony is called worshipping Heaven and Earth.

There is an old Chinese superstition that the first person you meet or the first word you hear after the coming of the new year will influence your fortune for good or for evil throughout the year. But the Chang family no longer believed in this superstition and they returned to their New Year's feast, greeting each other with "Kung She Go Nieu," "Happy New Year." All the family

sat down together at the long table and there was great merriment and rejoicing. When the feast was over, Grandfather Chang handed a piece of money to each of the children, as that is considered a sign that they may have money to use throughout the year. Then twelve lanterns which had been kept for this purpose were lighted and carried out into the court to burn up while all the family stood around to see which one burned out first. Each lantern was supposed to represent one of the months of the new year, and the one that turned black first was supposed to tell that that would be a month of rain.

"The rain won't come till the second moon," cried Mei Chu, clapping her hands, "so it won't spoil our fun."

The next day and for days afterward Mei Chu went with her mother to call on their relatives and friends, and presents were exchanged. Every evening there was feasting and merrymaking, always accompanied by the noise of firecrackers.

But the celebration Mei Chu liked best came on the evening of the fifteenth day—the evening before she was to return to school. It was called the feast of the lanterns. Soon after nightfall on that evening hundreds of men and boys formed in line, each carrying a bamboo pole with a lantern fastened to the

end. The lanterns were of many different forms and shapes, but all in brilliant, rich colors. A band making weird music led the way. Mei Chu and her mother stood outside the door while the long line passed and watched the lights as the procession wound its way through the crooked streets.

"Mei Chu, bring the baskets of rice and set them down out here where the poor and the hungry may find them," said Mrs. Chang.

In the distance the lights of the lanterns were still twinkling.

"Mother," said Mei Chu, "your 'good works,' like the lanterns, make me think of our school motto—'Let Your Light Shine.'"

CHAPTER X

A KNIGHT COMES RIDING

THE holidays were over. On the school playground groups of girls were flitting about like flocks of birds.

"Where is Mei Chu?" asked Kwei Chen as she and Pao Chu went up and down on the seesaw. "I haven't seen her all the afternoon."

"She went with Mei Ling to the home of the American doctor. You know this is the afternoon that they go to play with the children while the mothers on that street have their meeting," Pao Chu told her.

"I should think they'd be back by this time," remarked Kwei Chen.

"Yes, let's go over to the gate and perhaps we'll meet them," suggested Pao Chu.

But before they reached the gate Mei Chu came running in and almost passed them without speaking.

"What's the matter, Mei Chu? What has happened?" questioned both.

"Oh, girls, what do you think!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Right out by the gate we found a tiny baby girl. She is wrapped in old rags and is lying there on the ground. We

were just coming in when we heard a little wail."

"Where is the baby?" asked Kwei Chen.

"Mei Ling is waiting beside it and I'm going to get a clean towel to wrap it in and then Mei Ling says we'll take it up to the Woman's Hospital."

Kwei Chen and Pao Chu ran out to where Mei Ling waited beside the little bundle.

"Poor thing! Do you suppose its mother didn't care for it?" asked Kwei Chen.

"Yes, I think she did care and that is the reason the baby was brought over here to our gate. She knew that if Christian people found it, they would take it in and be kind to it. I suppose the mother was too poor to bring it up herself."

Mei Chu returned and Mei Ling carefully wrapped the clean towel around the little creature and together the girls hurried along the path beside the bamboo grove and up the hill to the hospital.

These four Chinese girls had never read in "Water Babies" about that sweetest, kindest, tenderest, merriest lady called Mrs. Doasyou-wouldbedoneby, who was a "most nice, soft, smooth, cuddly, delicious creature," but they saw a person who was very much like her when they took this baby to Miss Spencer, the American nurse at the hospital. The girls

all began talking at the same time trying to tell her where the baby was found and that it hadn't any mother.

"Then I will be its mother," said Miss Spencer, and just as Mrs. Doasyouwouldbe-doney received the newest Water Baby, so Miss Spencer took this new baby in her arms and bathed it and laid it in the softest place of all and patted it and talked to it tenderly and low; and the baby looked up into her eyes and loved her and loved her till it fell asleep from pure love.

"But, Miss Spencer, can't the baby be ours too?" asked Mei Chu. "Can't we come to see it and bring it things?"

"Why, of course," answered Miss Spencer, "but go away now. The baby is tired and must sleep."

"I wonder what name our baby will have," said Kwei Chen as they walked home.

"I think we should ask Miss Spencer to choose a name, don't you? But I was thinking about how we could get some dresses for her," remarked Mei Ling.

"The girls in the sewing school could make them if we had some money to pay for them," suggested Pao Chu, "but, of course, they earn their school expenses by their needlework, so we would need to pay them."

"Let me pay for baby's dresses," begged

Mei Chu. "I have some money that grandfather gave me and I'd love to use it that way."

"It is nice the way your grandfather is always doing things for you, and you like him a lot, don't you?" said Kwei Chen.

"Oh, indeed I do, almost more than anyone else," said Mei Chu, as the gong rang out announcing evening rice, and the girls hurried to the dining room.

"Pao Chu, Mei Ling has invited you and Kwei Chen and me to spend an hour with her this afternoon, and we'll make some things for our baby."

It was an event in the life of the younger girls when an invitation came from a senior, and Mei Ling always had so much to tell about what happened at school before they came and about the things she had read.

"Tell me what you are going to do after you graduate?" asked Mei Ling when her group of girls sat together with their sewing.

"I am going to be a doctor," announced Pao Chu. "I have heard my mother tell of a girl she knew who became a doctor and she has done such wonderful things for our country and has had so much honor. I do not think anyone can be happier than she."

"I want to be a teacher and teach in a school

like this one and have a home with all the girls. Don't you think that would be nice?" asked Kwei Chen.

"I should like to be a kindergarten teacher," said Mei Chu. "I love to play games with the children and teach them songs and tell them stories. I think kindergarten work is the most interesting work that a girl can do."

"Tell us what you are going to do, Mei Ling," asked Pao Chu. "You never tell us when we talk about our plans."

But Mei Ling only blushed a little and said, "Let's have a story. I like story-telling time as much as the kindergartners do. Kwei Chen, you tell us a story that you have read from your new English story book."

So Kwei Chen began a story of the olden times when a knight, dressed in armor and riding a coal-black steed, came galloping up to a castle to pay court to his lady fair.

"Oh, there is such a distinguished-looking gentleman riding up to our door," interrupted Mei Chu, who was sitting by the window. "He is dressed in foreign clothes and the ricksha man is stopping."

"I wonder whom he wishes to see. He can't be a brother to any of the girls," said Pao Chu.

Drawing back so that they could not be seen, the girls watched until the door opened and they heard the caller ask for Miss Mason.

"Go on with your story, Kwei Chen," said Pao Chu. "I want to know what happened."

"Oh, nothing more," replied Kwei Chen, "except that when the knight declared his love, the lady fair bowed low and said, 'My lord, I will go with you,' and there was a wedding, and after that the knight took her to his own castle."

Suddenly the door opened and Miss Mason stood before them. "Mei Ling, someone wishes to see you," she said.

"To see me! Who is it?" asked Mei Ling.

"It is a gentleman who has just returned from America and he wishes very much to be introduced to you."

Mei Ling sat down and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Miss Mason, I cannot go down to meet him. You know it is not the custom of our country."

"Do you know who he is?" asked Miss Mason.

"I think I know. Did he not tell you?"

"Yes, dear," said Miss Mason. "He told me that when he was a small boy and you were a baby his parents and your parents had planned that you should some day be his wife."

"Yes, I supposed it was he. He has been in America eight years, and since my mother died I have heard nothing about him. Oh,

please, Miss Mason, I cannot see him. You know that when Chinese girls are married they always have their faces veiled, and only when the wedding ceremony is over does the husband lift the veil and see his wife's face."

"But it is different among Christians, Mei Ling. Mr. Liu thinks that you and he should become acquainted before your marriage, and I think he is right. He is very kind and you will not be afraid when you meet him."

No one would have guessed that the girl who sat shrinking and protesting like a frightened child was Mei Ling, the leader in sports as well as in studies, the senior whom all the little girls admired most. But it is not easy to change age-long customs in China, and Mei Ling was behaving just as Chinese girls for centuries would probably have done.

"I think you had better go now, girls," said Miss Mason, and a group of frightened girls ran down through the dormitory and out on the playground.

Miss Mason helped Mei Ling dress in her prettiest skirt and jacket and then led her down the stairs to be introduced.

After an hour's conversation, Mr. Liu rose to take his leave.

"I did not know until I came back to China that Mei Ling was in school and I am so happy to find her here. She has not only

gentle manners, but an educated mind, and I am very grateful," he said to Miss Mason. Then he explained that he had studied engineering in America and was now taking a position with the great Anglo-Chinese Mining Company.

"I am expected to begin my work next week, and if Mei Ling is willing, I should like to take my bride with me," he added, and bade them good-by.

There was great excitement in the school when Miss Mason told the girls that Mei Ling was to be married. She said that the wedding would take place in the church the next week and that all the girls were invited. But when the other girls gathered in groups to talk about it, Mei Chu walked off alone. Mei Ling was going away and, even though a wedding was a great event, she couldn't feel altogether happy about this one. She had not gone far, however, when someone called her name and she turned to see Mei Ling beside her.

"Mei Chu, you have been such a dear 'little sister' and we have done so many things together this year that I think you will have to be maid of honor at my wedding," she said.

"Oh, Mei Ling, I don't know what you mean, but you know I'll do anything for you. Are you going to wear a red satin dress and go over to the church in a sedan chair with

red curtains, as my youngest aunt rode to our house to be married to my uncle?"

"No, I'm going to wear a white dress and carry flowers," answered Mei Ling. "You know Mr. Liu was so long in America that he likes white for a wedding dress. It is what American brides wear. Would you like to have a dress somewhat like mine?"

"I should love to have one. How grown-up I shall be!" exclaimed Mei Chu.

A Chinese tailor made the pretty white suits after the same pattern that all the suits for the older girls were made, and the wedding day was a real event in Mei Chu's life, for she wore her first skirt!

When the hour of the ceremony arrived the church pews were filled with girls from the school and Mei Ling's teachers and friends. The organist began the wedding march and Mr. Liu, who looked so manly and handsome, came to the altar to receive his bride. Then Mei Chu came slowly down the aisle carrying her flowers and behind her walked Mei Ling with Miss Mason.

When the ceremony was over there was a wedding breakfast, and then Mei Ling changed her wedding dress for one of soft-gray satin. When she was all ready to go away with the bridegroom to his "castle," which was not really a castle but a cottage in

a mining town, she came to bid good-by to the teacher who had been as dear to her as her mother.

“My wedding day has been such a happy, happy day, Miss Mason,” said the little bride, “but over and over again the thought would come, ‘Just suppose you hadn’t come to China and there hadn’t been any Christian school for me to attend!’ ”

Then they left the school that had meant so much to the life of this Chinese girl.

“Isn’t Mr. Liu just wonderful!” exclaimed Mei Chu as she joined the other girls. “I think he is truly a knight, even though he did come riding in a ricksha instead of on a coal-black steed.”

CHAPTER XI

VACATION DAYS

THE days had grown warm. The girls on the school campus were gathering in groups to talk about what they would do during the summer vacation.

"There's your brother at the gate, Mei Chu, and someone is with him," called Kwei Chen.

"It is father!" cried Mei Chu. "Have you come to take us home?" she asked as she went to meet him.

"No, I have come to take you somewhere else," replied Mr. Chang. "We will have a trip to Peking."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl. "But are we not going home to see mother and grandfather?"

"You will not see your grandfather till the summer is over, much to his sorrow; but mother will go with us," her father told her.

"Is mother here and can I see her? And will she come to school and see Miss Mason and all the girls?"

"Yes, to all your questions," replied Mr. Chang, smiling, "and if you have no lessons and can leave now, we will go to the hotel to see mother."

"Do we start to-morrow, Father?" asked Ching Fong as they walked away together.

"No, but the day after, when your school work for this year is over."

"Then I think Miss Mason will go on the same boat," said Mei Chu. "She spoke of going to Nanking to see some girls graduate from college."

"I am surely the most fortunate of mothers," thought Mrs. Chang to herself when, a few minutes later, her son and her daughter greeted her with low bows, and the same thought came again and again the next day as she watched them among their classmates in the schoolroom and on the playground. "Just think of all that girls and boys are learning and doing now," she remarked to Mr. Chang. "It was very different when I was a girl."

"Are you taking the first train for Peking?" asked Miss Mason on the following day as they were all standing on deck waiting for the boat to discharge its passengers at Nanking.

"No, I must attend to some business here and I am also going out to see the young forest on Purple Mountain."

"Then, if you are going to spend the day here, may I not take Mrs. Chang and Mei Chu with me to Ginling College? It is a

splendid institution where girls are studying the higher branches of learning, and I have the hope that Mei Chu will some day be a student there."

"I think they will be pleased to go with you," replied Mr. Chang, "and we appreciate your invitation."

So Mei Chu and her mother went with Miss Mason to Ginling and saw the college halls and the beautiful gardens and heard the songs of the Glee Club and the President's address to a class of happy girls who were that day graduating from this college for women, the first to be founded in the Yang-tse valley.

"Oh, Mother, isn't it wonderful to be a college girl? I want to go to college too," exclaimed Mei Chu as they went back to the hotel, where the amah and Baby Sun King waited for them.

Meanwhile Mr. Chang had attended to matters of business, then he and Ching Fong hired a carriage drawn by a small white pony and drove through the city of Nanking, past the great Drum Tower, with its many little brass bells jangling as the breeze stirred them, and on past the ruined Tartar city, destroyed not so many years ago in the war known as the Taiping Rebellion.

"Here stood the emperor's palaces," Mr. Chang told Ching Fong. "Now, as you see,

there are only scattered bricks, a few foundation stones and bits of tile which, in their beautiful designs and colors, tell of the glory of this once powerful city.

"But the approach to the tombs is unchanged," he continued as there rose before them a long procession of great stone men and animals—horses, dogs, camels, elephants, lions and tigers, some standing and some kneeling. "For five centuries these have guarded the way to the tomb of the great Ming emperor who had his capital in that ruined city which was a part of Nanking."

Back of the emperor's tomb stands Purple Mountain, but, unlike the barren hills in most parts of North China, it is covered with forests.

"Why did you want to see these trees, Father?" asked Ching Fong as they walked through the grove of feathery bamboos.

"I am interested to know how much they have grown," replied his father.

"Why were they planted here?" Ching Fong inquired.

"It happened in this way," Mr. Chang told him. "In the year 1910 the river that is called 'China's Sorrow' overflowed its banks. The waters covered thousands of acres of land and a hundred thousand people had to leave their ruined homes and farms. They came to the

city of Nanking, but, of course, many of them could find no way to earn money for food. A Relief Society was formed and sometimes it fed as many as twenty thousand people who were without food except for the bowls of rice gruel the Society gave them.

"Then Mr. Bailie, an American professor in the University of Nanking, said, 'Why not use the money now spent for rice to pay the men for work? Let them plant trees there on Purple Mountain to show to all North China how well they will grow on the barren hillsides. If people would become interested and would reforest the hills, these terrible floods would not come.'

"The Relief Society liked Mr. Bailie's plan and now you see how the trees planted by the famine sufferers have grown."

"I hope a good many more forests like this will be planted," said Ching Fong as he and his father returned to the carriage.

The next day the Chang family boarded the train which was to take them north.

"We will break the journey at Tai-an-fu," said Mr. Chang, "for I have long desired to climb Tai Shan, our sacred mountain near there."

"Not far from here is the city of Chüfoo, where Confucius was born," Mr. Chang told Ching Fong and Mei Chu as they looked out



A CAMEL TRAIN BRINGING COAL TO PEKING

from the windows as the train rumbled along. "Many people make pilgrimages to his grave, which is also there."

"Do we not stop there?" asked Ching Fong.

"Not to-day," replied his father. "Chüfoo is several miles from the railroad, and if we went there, we should have to stay overnight at the station and ride out in donkey carts over a very sandy road."

"Why doesn't the railroad go through Chüfoo?" asked Mei Chu.

"I have heard that the company wanted to build it through the city, but the rulers objected."

"I should think they would be glad to have the railroad," remarked Ching Fong.

"The family of Confucius still lives there, though they represent the seventy-fifth generation from his time, and they thought the city with its ancient past too sacred to be invaded by modern inventions from the West. There are still millions of people in China who like to live just as their forefathers lived thousands of years ago. They are afraid new ways of living and working will bring only trouble to their country."

"If the boys could all go to school, they would soon know better," remarked Ching Fong.

"I think girls need to go to school too,"

said his sister. "Mei Ling said that she used to be afraid to dig even a tiny little hole in the ground, because people told her it would wake up the evil spirits. Now she lives right at the great mines where her husband is engineer, and she isn't a bit afraid."

"Here we are at Tai-an-fu," said Mr. Chang, and they left the station to spend the night in the old, old city to which, as long ago as Abraham's time, Chinese people came to make pilgrimages to the top of Tai Mountain.

Early the next morning Mr. Chang hired chair-bearers to carry them up the six thousand two hundred steps to the summit. Mrs. Chang and Mei Chu rode all the way, but Ching Fong and his father walked through the city gate and along the shady street toward the foot of the mountain, their chair-bearers following. Suddenly the boy stopped.

"See, Father," he said. "Here is a church."

The tall man from whom they had hired the chairs and who was the Head of the Chair-Bearers Union in Tai-an-fu stopped also.

"Yes, I belong to that church," he said. "I learned to know its teaching after I had gone through great dangers for the missionaries."

"What dangers were they?" asked Mr. Chang. Then he and Ching Fong listened while the Head of the Chair-Bearers Union told of the Boxer War, when a great many

Chinese who were afraid that foreigners were going to divide China among themselves decided to drive away or kill all foreigners.

"It had been weeks and weeks since the small company of missionaries at Tai-an-fu had heard from their friends in the north and they wanted to send a letter to them," said the man. "I said I would try to take it. I had to travel at night and hide during the day and the journey required many nights. As I slowly made my way through the darkness, I often said to myself, 'Why are these people here? Surely they would be more safe and more comfortable in America. What can they gain by staying here?' And I decided that if I ever got back to Tai-an-fu alive I would find out why they came.

"Well, I carried the letter to their friends and got back safely. Then on Sunday mornings I used to come up here and stand outside by that window to hear what the missionary said. His words were words of good hearing. Then one Sunday I went inside. Now I worship not the images but the Great Spirit of Spirits."

Often during the morning as the chair-bearers stopped to rest, the Chang family gazed on the beauty of the landscape with its high peaks, its deep valleys and waterfalls. At many turns in the road there were temples or

shrines. Near the top Mrs. Chang and Mei Chu alighted from their chairs to peep through bars of an open window at the image of the Goddess of the Mountain. On the floor around the idol lay hundreds and hundreds of pairs of tiny embroidered shoes. Many little bound-footed women had walked all the fifteen miles from the city to the top of this steep mountain to bring pretty shoes to the goddess, hoping they might win her favor and an answer to their prayers.

Again at the foot of the mountain the chair-bearers rested in the court of the big temple, where many pilgrims worship the spirit of the mountain. There stood a white tent, and a foreign lady was serving tea to the tired women who stopped to rest.

"I am sure she is an American, like my teacher," said Mei Chu. "And see, Mother, the books the man is giving to the pilgrims are Bible stories. We have some like them at school."

A moment later the chair-bearers were lifting the poles to their tired shoulders and Mrs. Chang was taking one of the books with her.

To Ching Fong and Mei Chu, who had lived for almost a year on a school campus, the streets of Peking seemed very crowded and noisy. All through the day they had to listen

to the clanging of gongs, the chanting of workmen, the wailing of beggars, and these noises could still be heard if the children happened to be awake at night. One evening their father took them out to see the street markets, where swinging lanterns showed goods of every description—clothing, shoes, brass, mended china—all set out on squares of cloth spread on the street or on the sidewalk. In another part of the city there were street restaurants where men sat at tables and ate thick soup and rice and drank steaming tea.

People rode by in rickshas, or in springless Peking carts with covered tops drawn by slow-moving mules, the driver sitting on the seat in front and the passengers in the back on the padded floor.

Sometimes they went with their father outside the city wall, where Ching Fong and Mei Chu loved to watch the long lines of camels slowly wending their way toward the gate, bringing in coal and wool and salt from the country to the north and the west and even beyond the great wall that stretches for fifteen hundred miles along the boundary of China.

Once they went to see the Imperial palaces with yellow tiled roofs where the boy Emperor lives—though a President of China now takes care of the business of the government.

“But our noble young Emperor does not

spend his days in idleness," Mr. Chang told them. "Very early, even before the morning dawns, he must receive those who come on business or to pay homage. The rest of the day he spends with his tutors. He has four of these to lead him along the paths of Chinese, Manchurian, Mongolian, and English learning."

On other days they visited the Temple of Heaven with its white marble terraces where in the days before China became a republic, the Emperor went to offer prayers for his country and his people, or they went out to the hills to the rambling palace where the Empress lived in summer and where she spent millions of dollars in making the grounds beautiful.

On the grounds next to the now deserted palace they saw many workmen putting up new buildings. "Those are the buildings of the Christian University," Mr. Chang told the children. "In the old days we imagined that great palaces like this would make China great. Now we know that it is not palaces but schools and colleges."

CHAPTER XII

TWO HOLIDAYS

IT was winter. The days were growing colder and colder and the girls and boys seemed to be growing bigger and bigger. Miss Mason knew, of course, that on cold mornings an extra padded suit was put on, but she didn't think what a difference this made until she saw some of the girls changing their seats in chapel.

"How many of you can sit on each of these long benches?" she asked. "Six in summer and five in winter," replied half a dozen girls.

"Mei Chu, you have a new suit, haven't you?" remarked Kwei Chen as the two girls met at the gate.

"Yes, I think it is pretty too," said Mei Chu. "I might call it a Christmas gift, since mother brought it just at Christmas time, but she didn't think of that, for we have never had Christmas at home."

"Is your mother here?" asked Kwei Chen. "I have not seen her."

"Yes, she came two days ago," replied Mei Chu. "She brought Sun King, my little brother, to the hospital. That is why I asked you to

go up there with me. Last summer I told mother all about finding Baby Faith out here by this gate and about the way the doctor and Miss Spencer took care of her at the hospital. So when Sun King became sick, mother remembered and came here with him."

At the hospital door Mei Chu asked for her mother, and a small Chinese girl in a nurse's uniform led the school girls down the hall.

"You have on a white uniform," said Kwei Chen to the nurse, whom the girls had seen before on their visits to the hospital.

"Yes, don't you like it?" asked the little nurse. "Miss Spencer has always worn a white uniform, but the first years we were here none of us Chinese girls wanted to wear white, since that is our color for mourning. Now we feel differently about it, however. Did you know that there are so many of us that we have a Nurses' Society for China? And when the missionaries built the first hospitals for us there wasn't even any word for 'nurse' in the whole Chinese language."

The nurse stopped before the open door of a little chapel. "Here is your honorable mother," she said to Mei Chu. Mrs. Chang was talking with another small-footed Chinese woman. "I am glad you came, my daughter," she cried as the girls entered the room.

"I brought Kwei Chen, too, Mother. I wanted her to see Sun King, if he is well enough."

"He is asleep now," said the mother, "so I left him alone, and was wandering through the halls when I saw this pretty little room. Then this honorable lady invited me to come in."

"We know the honorable lady." Mei Chu and Kwei Chen bowed. "We see her at church, where she is a Bible teacher."

"I should like to call her a Sister of Mercy," said Mrs. Chang. "Her words have been so kind and comforting."

"Is Sun King very sick?" asked Mei Chu.

"The lady doctor thinks not," replied Mrs. Chang. "She says that I should give him not so much rice, but other foods. She has written down just what he should eat for each meal. She knows a very great deal about the care of babies, many things that even my honorable mother did not know."

"We have learned a good deal about taking care of babies, too," said Mei Chu. "We come here to see Faith, the baby girl we found out by our school gate. You must see her, Mother. She has grown so much and she knows us all."

"We have been making some new clothes for her for Christmas," interrupted Kwei Chen, "and Miss Spencer, the American nurse, said we might have a little Christmas

tree here for her and for all the babies in the hospital."

"Christmas Day is the loveliest day of all the year!" exclaimed Mei Chu.

"The honorable lady here has been telling me about this greatest holiday of the Christians," said Mrs. Chang. "I had already read the story from the book which I got last summer in the white tent at the foot of Tai Mountain. Your honorable grandfather has read it too, Mei Chu, and likes it well, but I did not quite understand it until I heard it explained this afternoon. I have asked the Bible teacher to come to our humble home and teach the women of our family."

"But you must surely stay here until after Christmas, Mother," said Mei Chu, "and I wish grandfather could come too. We will have a Christmas tree in the church. Ching Fong is going to help put it up, and the kindergarten children have made pretty chains and stars and balls to decorate the tree. The evening before Christmas we will all sing beautiful songs and then the Minister or somebody will tell the story of the very first Christmas."

"But we are going to have the most fun on Christmas Day," Kwei Chen broke in, "because we are giving a Christmas dinner to some children who never have really enough



GRADUATION DAY AT A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

to eat, and we are going to cook the dinner ourselves."

"Has Ching Fong told you, Mother, that the boys are going to have just a plain dinner without anything special?" asked Mei Chu. "They are giving the money that sweets would cost to help another boy to come to school."

"No, I had not heard of this," replied Mrs. Chang, "but my son has been here to see me, and he seemed as happy as you are about Christmas. But I think I must go now to see if Sun King is awake."

Christmas on the Mission compound was as happy a day as Christmas in America, but the boys and girls had only two holidays. Pao Chu, who lived near the city, went home to help with the Christmas program in her father's church, but most of the girls and boys stayed at school. Their longer vacation would come at the time of the Chinese New Year.

"The boys and girls of the schools have helped me wonderfully this Christmas," remarked the Minister to Miss Mason after the holidays were over. "They also brought their gifts to the Christ. If you and Mr. Brown of the Boys' School will tell me the best time, I should like to meet them and talk with them of other ways in which they may honor Him."

So it was arranged to have a class where the Minister and the boys and girls talked together about keeping the Christmas spirit throughout the whole year.

And then as the warmer days came and the grass and flowers covered the brown earth with their beauty, the Minister told them about the resurrection life, and of the work the Master asked his friends and his disciples to carry on.

"When we have learned to love the Lord Jesus and are trying to be obedient to the heavenly Father, we can help each other by meeting together for worship," said the Minister.

"Jesus taught that we should be reverent and humble, truthful and honest, generous and forgiving. We can best help ourselves and others to live this kind of life if we work and worship together.

"Jesus hated cruelty and injustice and selfishness and wrong. We who hate evil and are going to do what we can to rid the world of it need to stand together. These are some of the reasons why men and women and boys and girls who have given themselves to the service of Christ become members of the church.

"I am hoping," the Minister continued, "that all of you will wish to join the church. I

shall be glad to receive you into membership on Easter Sunday. I think you should speak to your teachers about it and also get the consent of your parents, if you can, and invite them to attend our Easter service."

"I wonder what is the matter with Mei Chu," said Miss Mason. "She has been so responsive to the teachings of the school, and in her heart I am sure she is trying to be a Christian girl, but although all the other girls of the class are asking to be taken into the church and her brother also, she says that she will not join them. She asked me not to talk to her about it, though I saw the tears in her eyes. Her grandfather has come and she seems both happy and sad to have him here."

Easter Sunday came with all the glory of the springtime, and at the church service a long line of boys and girls and some older men and women stood before the altar to acknowledge their Christian faith and to say before their school mates and friends and neighbors that they would try to live as Christ taught people to live. Ching Fong was there and many of the people in the congregation noticed his earnest young face and his clear voice as he responded to the Minister's questions. Miss Mason saw him and then she looked down to the seat where Mei Chu sat alone, the only one

of her own group who had not been glad to stand with the others on that Easter day.

The service was over and the congregation was dismissed. The school girls filed out through the door and across to their school. Mei Chu had gone but a few steps when her grandfather came over to her and together they followed the girls. At first neither spoke. Then her grandfather said, and his voice trembled,

"I had expected to see my little girl among the others when they stood before the altar to-day."

"Oh, Grandfather," said Mei Chu, and the tears blinded her eyes so that she could scarcely see her way. "I wanted to do it. I wanted to become a member of the church to-day more than I have ever wanted to do anything before. But you know none of the other girls have grandfathers who love them as you love me and I couldn't go without you, Grandfather."

Again there was silence, then Grandfather Chang stopped and faced Mei Chu.

"Let us go back and see the Minister," he said. "Perhaps he will take us into the church together."

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